

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

AND

Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

This Journal is supplied Weekly, or Monthly, by the principal Booksellers and Newsmen, throughout the Kingdom; but to those who may desire its immediate transmission, by post, we recommend the LITERARY GAZETTE, printed on stamped paper, price One Shilling.

No. 585.

SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1828.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS. CONSTABLE'S MISCELLANY.

Schiller's Works: Lockhart's Life of Burns, &c. Our last notice of this varied publication led us to its sixteenth No., since which five more have appeared; and one, the most interesting of the whole, will be published within a few days. We allude to a life of the Scots poet Burns, by his eminent countryman, John Gibson Lockhart, whose own productions both in prose and verse well entitle him to sit in the biographer's and critic's chair upon this occasion. But before applying to an examination of his volume, which has been thus early put into our hands, we wish to direct attention to the immediately preceding parts of the Miscellany.

Of the early life of Burns, it would be a work of supererogation to say much. Currie and Walker have left so little unexplored, and their publications are so generally familiar to readers, that Mr. Lockhart could only tread over the same ground in a rapid manner. A similar remark, indeed, may apply to the critical department of his memoir; as here also, not only Currie and Walker, but Mackenzie, Heron, Scott, Jeffrey, Wordsworth, Campbell, Wilson, and others, have largely anticipated him: but still there are passages in this portion of his essay which have afforded us both much delight and interesting grounds for reflection. Burns was born on the 25th of January, 1759, in a day-built cottage, about two miles to the south of the town of Ayr, and in the immediate vicinity of the Kirk of Alloway, and the "Auld Brig o' Doon." About a week afterwards, part of the frail dwelling, which his father had constructed with his own hands, gave way at midnight; and the infant poet and his mother were carried through the storm, to the shelter of a neighbouring hovel. During his boyhood he displayed no precocious indications of poetic genius; on the contrary, his elder brother Gilbert was, at school, his superior in intelligence and talent. The early youth of both brothers was spent in rural toils; and, at the age of fifteen, a Spring love for a bonnie lass, with whom he was engaged in the labours of harvest, was the first inspiration of Robert Burns. "Among her other love-inspiring qualities," he tells us, "she sung sweetly; and it was her favourite reel, to which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme. I was not so presumptuous as to imagine that I could make verses like printed ones, composed by men who had Greek and Latin; but my girl sung a song, which was said to be composed by a small country laird's son, on one of his father's maids, with whom he was in love; and I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as he; for, excepting that he could smear sheep and cast peats, his father living in the moorlands, he had no more scholar-craft than myself. Thus with me began love and poetry."

His local celebrity, in the course of time, rose to national fame: he published, he visited Edinburgh, he mingled with literary men of distinction, and shone a brilliant star; he farmed, and he married; he saw a family grow around him, and he still cultivated the muse; he fell too soon into the sere and yellow leaf; he was unfortunate in worldly affairs, and he became careless of the world; he sought refuge in inferior pleasures, he struggled, and he died. We will not follow the historical account of his various poetical productions, but select such miscellaneous matter as appears to us to be most new and interesting.

It was in 1786 that Burns visited the Scottish capital; and respecting this important epoch in his life, the following is an extract from a letter of Sir Walter Scott:—

"As for Burns, I may truly say, *Virgilium vidi tantum*. I was a lad of fifteen in 1786-7, when he came first to Edinburgh, but had sense and feeling enough to be much interested in his poetry, and would have given the world to know him; but I had very little acquaintance with any literary people, and still less with the gentry of the west country, the two sets that he most frequented. Mr. Thomas Grieson was at that time a clerk of my father's. He knew Burns, and promised to ask him to his lodgings to dinner, but had no opportunity to keep his word; otherwise I might have seen more of this distinguished man. As it was, I saw him one day at the late venerable Professor Ferguson's, where there were several gentlemen of literary reputation, among whom I remember the celebrated Mr. Dugald Stewart. Of course we youngsters sat silent, looked, and listened. The only thing I remember which was remarkable in Burns's manner, was the effect produced upon him by a print of Bunbury's, representing a soldier lying dead on the snow, his dog sitting in misery on one side,—on the other, his widow with a child in her arms. These lines were written beneath:—

"Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent wept her soldier slain—
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
The big drops, mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the end promise of his future years,
The child of misery baptised in tears."

Burns seemed much affected by the print, or rather the ideas which it suggested to his mind. He actually shed tears. He asked whom the lines were, and it chanced that nobody but myself remembered that they occur in a half-forgotten poem of Langhorne's, called by the unpromising title of "The Justice of Peace." I whispered my information to a friend present, who mentioned it to Burns, who rewarded me with a look and a word, which, though of mere civility, I then received, and still recollect, with very great pleasure. His person was strong and robust; his manners rustic, not clownish; a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity, which received part of its effect, perhaps, from one's knowledge of his extraordinary talents. His features are represented in Mr. Nasmyth's picture; but to me it conveys the idea that they are diminished, as if seen in perspective. I think his countenance

was more massive than it looks in any of the portraits. I would have taken the poet, had I not known what he was, for a very sagacious country farmer of the old Scotch school, i. e. none of your modern agriculturists, who keep labourers for their drudgery, but the *douce gudemane* who held his own plough. There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments; the eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large, and of a dark cast, which glowed (I say literally glowed) when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time.* His conversation expressed perfect self-confidence, without the slightest presumption. Among the men who were the most learned of their time and country, he expressed himself with perfect firmness, but without the least intrusive forwardness; and when he differed in opinion, he did not hesitate to express it firmly, yet at the same time with modesty. I do not remember any part of his conversation distinctly enough to be quoted; nor did I ever see him again, except in the street, where he did not recognise me, as I could not expect he should. He was much caressed in Edinburgh, but (considering what literary emoluments have been since his day) the efforts made for his relief were extremely trifling. I remember on this occasion I mentioned, I thought Burns's acquaintance with English poetry was rather limited, and also, that having twenty times the abilities of Allan Ramsay and of Ferguson, he talked of them with too much humility as his models: there was, doubtless, national predilection in his estimate. This is all I can tell you about Burns. I have only to add, that his dress corresponded with his manner. He was like a farmer dressed in his best to dine with the laird. I do not speak in *malam partem*, when I say I never saw a man in company with his superiors in station and information, more perfectly free from either the reality or the affectation of embarrassment. I was told, but did not observe it, that his address to females was extremely deferential, and always with a turn either to the pathetic or humorous, which engaged their attention particularly. I have heard the late Duchess of Gordon remark this. I do not know any thing I can add to these recollections of forty years' since."

"Darkly (observes Mr. Lockhart upon this period) as the career of Burns was destined to terminate, there can be no doubt that he made his first appearance at a period highly favourable for his reception as a British, and especially as a Scottish poet. Nearly forty years had elapsed since the death of Thomson:—

* The eye is indeed the feature by which genius is most truly asserted; or rather, it is the feature from which genius cannot be excluded. We have seen every other part of the human face devoid without indications of the spirit within—the mouth which spoke not of the talent possessed, and the brow that indicated no powers of the expansive mind:—but we never knew a superior nature which the eye did not proclaim.—*Ed. L. G.*

Collins, Gray, Goldsmith, had successively disappeared.—Dr. Johnson had belied the rich promise of his early appearance, and confined himself to prose; and Cowper had hardly begun to be recognised as having any considerable pretensions to fill the long-vacant throne in England. At home—without derogation from the merits either of *Douglas* or the *Minstrel*, be it said—men must have gone back at least three centuries to find a Scottish poet at all entitled to be considered as of that high order to which the generous criticism of Mackenzie at once admitted 'the Ayrshire Ploughman.' Of the form and garb of his composition, much, unquestionably and avowedly, was derived from his more immediate predecessors, Ramsay and Ferguson; but there was a hold mastery of hand in his picturesque descriptions, to produce any thing equal to which it was necessary to recall the days of *Christ's Kirk on the Green*, and *Peebles to the Play*; and in his more solemn pieces, a depth of inspiration, and a massive energy of language, to which the dialect of his country had been a stranger, at least since 'Dunbar the Mackar.' The muses of Scotland had never indeed been silent; and the ancient minstrelsy of the land, of which a slender portion had as yet been committed to the safeguard of the press, was handed from generation to generation, and preserved, in many a fragment, faithful images of the peculiar tenderness, and peculiar humour, of the national fancy and character—precious representations, which Burns himself never surpassed in his happiest efforts. But these were fragments; and with a scanty handful of exceptions, the best of them, at least of the serious kind, were very ancient. Among the numberless effusions of the Jacobite Muse, valuable as we now consider them for the record of manners and events, it would be difficult to point out half-a-dozen strains worthy, for poetical excellence alone, of a place among the old chivalrous ballads of the Southern, or even of the Highland Border. Generations had passed away since any Scottish poet had appealed to the sympathies of his countrymen in a lofty Scottish strain.

"It was reserved for Burns to interpret the inmost soul of the Scottish peasant in all its moods, and in verse exquisitely and intensely Scottish, without degrading either his sentiments or his language with one touch of vulgarity. Such is the delicacy of native taste, and the power of a truly masculine genius."

But genius is beset with many mortifications and many dangers. The ever-active soul and the sensitive temperament must be fed with unceasing food; or they stagnate, yield to melancholy regrets, or recoil and prey upon their possessor. There can be no monotony in a poet's life; perhaps no real continued happiness. The fibre is too fine for this world's uses. It was on an occasion of only slight dissatisfaction that Dr. Blair wrote thus sensibly to our bard:—"There is, no doubt, a gloss of novelty which time wears off. As you very properly hint yourself, you are not to be surprised if, in your rural retreat, you do not find yourself surrounded with that glare of notice and applause which here shone upon you. No man can be a good poet without being somewhat of a philosopher. He must lay his account, that any one who exposes himself to public observation will occasionally meet with the attacks of illiberal censure, which it is always best to overlook and despise. He will be inclined sometimes to court retreat, and to disappear

from public view. He will not affect to shine always, that he may at proper seasons come forth with more advantage and energy. He will not think himself neglected if he be not always praised."

This is, indeed, sound counsel; but the evil most likely to disturb the successful author's peace, if not wisely met, is not so much the envy by which he must expect to be assailed, as the gradual and certain decline of that intoxicating admiration which attended his earlier efforts. It requires strength of mind to feel the true reason why the wide halo-circle contracts and disperses. We impute it to ourselves and to other annoying causes, and we are pained at the thoughts. The real cause, however, lies in the vanity, the caprice, and unworthiness of human nature. Every one flatters his own vanity by being, or pretending to be, the patron of rising merit; but of this there is a continual succession, and caprice is prone to fly from novelty to novelty; and in the third act, when merit has raised itself to its just and natural elevation, the patron of its first uprising either cools towards its mounting speed, or becomes the envious detractor of its superior rank. This is life;—and it is well when genius can appreciate it, rely on its own energies and resources, nor fancy the desertion of the fickle, or the malice of the paltry crowd worth one moment's regret.*

Among the enlarged enjoyments which his first success afforded to Burns, was an opportunity of travelling over many parts of his native country. He went to the Southern Border, where every hill is sacred to the Muse, and every stream made sacred by song. He was, it may well be supposed, delighted with the picturesque and memorable scenes offered to his imagination; and we are told that he ranged with pleasure through "the localities celebrated by the old minstrels, of whose works he was a passionate admirer; and of whom, by the way, one of the last appears to have been all but a namesake of his own."†

* This is illustrated by what the biographer says of the poet: who, in his fits of hypochondria, writes—"There are just two creatures that I would envy—a horse in his wild state traversing the forests of Asia, or an oyster on some of the desert shores of Europe. The one has not a wish without enjoyment; the other has neither wish nor fear."

† These have been six horrible weeks. Anguish and low spirits have made me unfit to read, write, or think. I have a hundred times wished that one could resign life as an officer does a commission; for I would not take in any poor ignorant wretch by selling out. Lately, I was a disreputable private, and God knows a miserable soldier enough: now I march to the campaign a starving cadet, a little more conspicuously wretched. I am ashamed of all this; for though I do not want bravery for the warfare of life, I could wish, like some other soldiers, to have as much fortitude or cunning as to dissemble or conceal any cowardice. It seems impossible to doubt that Burns had in fact lingered in Edinburgh, in the vague hope that, to use a vague but sufficiently expressive phrase, something would be done for him. He visited and revisited a farm, talked and wrote scholarly and wisely about 'having a fortune at the plough-tail,' and so forth; but all the while nourished, and assuredly it would have been most strange if he had not, the fond dream that the admiration of his country would ere long present itself in some solid and tangible shape. His illness and confinement gave him leisure to concentrate his imagination on the darker side of his prospects; and the letters which we have quoted may teach those who envy the powers and the fame of genius, to pause for a moment over the annals of literature, and think what superior capabilities of misery have been, in the great majority of cases, interwoven with the possession of those very talents, from which all but their possessors derive unmingled gratification.

‡ Nicoll Burn, supposed to have lived towards the close of the 16th century, and to have been among the last of the itinerant minstrels. He is the author of *Leader Haughs and Yarrow*, a pathetic ballad, in the last verse of which his own name and designation are introduced.

"Sing Erlington and Cowden Knows, where Homes had ance command;
And Drycraige, wi' the milk-white eyes, 'twixt Tweed and Leader standing."

"The poet (says Mr. L.) visited, in the course of his tour, Sir James Hall of Dunglas, author of the well-known *Essay on Gothic Architecture*, &c.; Sir Alexander and Lady Harriet Don, (sister to his patron, Lord Glencairn,) at Newton-Don; Mr. Brydons, the author of *Travels in Sicily*; the amiable and learned Dr. Somerville of Jedburgh, the historian of Queen Anne, &c.: and, as usual, recorded in his journal his impressions as to their manners and characters. His reception was every where most flattering."

We have extracted this passage with emotions of peculiar interest. The earliest recollections of life, by the writer of this review, are the ascent of Lunardi, and the sight of Burns. This juxtaposition of very different circumstances has, to his mind, nothing of the ludicrous in it; but it is, perhaps, worth a record, that so wonderful a thing as the ascent of a balloon was in those days, and the appearance of a mere stranger, should have produced nearly an equally strong effect upon the imagination and memory of a child of three or four years old. For once, suffer us, reader, to mingle private feelings with our literary philosophy:—the same parental hand which fired the signal for the intrepid aeronaut to pursue his path towards heaven, placed our little fingers in the grasp of that glorious Peasant who had already made the heaven of immortality his own. Well do we remember the two events, at small distance of time between, when the village churchyard was the strange spot on which, for us, memorable deeds were done,—the mouldering Abbey was covered with spectators to witness the daring profanation of the skies (for so it was by many considered at the time),—and the child was called from play on a curious division of the ground—we cannot tell why untroubled with a grave—to be told by the father who now sleeps there, "My boy, this is Robert Burns, the poet and the glory of his country."

Later times may have riveted this impression, but it is vivid upon our souls to this day. Other balloons have effaced or disturbed the remembrance of Lunardi,—but no bard has arisen to weaken in our imagination the recollection of Burns. "Methinks I see him now."

—Of some of the persons named in our last extract, too, something might be said. The late Sir Alexander Don, son of the Sir Alexander therein mentioned, inherited from his mother a most interesting series of the Poet's MSS., addressed to his aunt, Lady Glencairn. We have understood from him, that they included poems in their original state, letters, and many other remains of inestimable value: what has become of them we know not, since the recent death of their accomplished possessor. We believe his friend, Sir Walter Scott, must have seen some, if not all, of them; and if they are what we have reason to believe they are, surely they ought not to be lost to the public. But we must turn from a digression so mixed with personal sentiments, that we half fear its public interest may not be commensurate with our partial view of it.

Speaking of Burns's mode of admiring objects, or passing them in silence, Mr. Lockhart gives us a characteristic trait, which will be

The bird that flies thro' Reedpath trees, and Glenwood banks, lik' morrow,
May chant and sing sweet Leader Haughs, and bonny bowms of Yarrow,
But minstrel Burns cannot assuage his grief while he
To see the changes of this age, that fleeting time procureth.
(Quoted as above.)

For many a place stands in hard case, where bygone folk
With Homes that dwelt on Leader side, and Gyles that dwelt on Yarrow."

acknowledged by all sight-seers, whether they pretend to genius or not. At some place of fine scenery, whither the poet was taken for the express purpose of being charmed, he was extremely calm and quiet. Upon this Dr. Currie "enters into a little dissertation on the subject, shewing that a man of Burns's lively imagination might probably have formed anticipations which the realities of the prospect might rather disappoint." But Mr. L. more justly observes:—"This is possible enough; but I suppose few will take it for granted that Burns surveyed any scenes either of beauty or of grandeur without emotion, merely because he did not choose to be ecstatic for the benefit of a company of young ladies. He was, indeed, very impatient of interruption on such occasions. I have heard, that riding one dark night near Carron, his companion teased him with noisy exclamations of delight and wonder, whenever an opening in the wood permitted them to see the magnificent glare of the furnaces: 'Look, Burns! Good Heaven! look! look! what a glorious sight!'—'Sir,' said Burns, clapping spurs to Jenny Geddes, 'I would not look at your bidding, if it were the mouth of hell.'"

Upon compulsion, in sooth, we know not the thing on earth that can command admiration: the free will is essential to this high attribute. But we will not prolong our own comments: one quotation more, and we have done all we can for this small but very interesting volume.

"The reader must be sufficiently prepared to hear, that, from the time when he entered on his excise duties, the poet more and more neglected the concerns of his farm. Occasionally he might be seen holding the plough, an exercise in which he excelled, and was proud of excelling, or stalking down his furrows, with the white sheet of grain wrapt about him, a 'seamy seedman'; but he was more commonly occupied in far different pursuits. 'I am now,' says he, in one of his letters, 'a poor rascally gauger, condemned to gallop two hundred miles every week, to inspect dirty bonds and yeasty barrels.' Both in verse and in prose he has recorded the bitter feelings with which he first followed his new vocation. His jests on the subject are uniformly bitter. 'I have the same consolation,' he tells Mr. Ainslie, 'which I once heard a recruiting sergeant give to his audience in the streets of Kilmarnock: 'Gentlemen, for your further encouragement, I can assure you, that ours is the most blackguard corps under the crown, and, consequently, with us an honest fellow has the surest chance of preferment.' He winds up almost all his statements of his feelings on this matter in the same strain.

'I have a wife and two wee laddies,
They maun hae brose and brats o' daddies.
Ye ken yourself, my heart right proud is,
I needna vaunt;
But I'll speed become thrash saugh-woodies,
Before they want.'

On one occasion, however, he takes a higher tone. 'There is a certain stigma,' says he to Bishop Geddes, 'in the name of exciseman; but I do not intend to borrow honour from any profession,' which may, perhaps, remind the reader of Gibbon's lofty language, on finally quitting the learned and polished circles of London and Paris, for his Swiss retirement: 'I am too modest, or too proud, to rate my value by that of my associates.' Burns, in his perpetual perambulations over the moors of Dumfriesshire, had every temptation to encounter which bodily fatigue, the blandishments of hosts and hostesses, and the habitual reamers of those who acted along with him in the duties of the excise, could present. He

was, moreover, wherever he went, exposed to perils of his own, by the reputation which he had earned as a poet, and by his extraordinary powers of entertainment in conversation. From the castle to the cottage, every door flew open at his approach; and the old system of hospitality, then flourishing, rendered it difficult for the most soberly inclined guest to rise from any man's board in the same trim that he sat down to it. The farmer, if Burns was seen passing, left his reapers, and trotted by the side of Jenny Geddes, until he could persuade the bard that the day was hot enough to demand an extra libation. If he entered an inn at midnight, after all the inmates were in bed, the news of his arrival circulated from the cellar to the garret; and, ere ten minutes had elapsed, the landlord and all his guests were assembled round the ingle, the largest punch-bowl was produced, and

'Be ours this night—who knows what comes to-morrow?' was the language of every eye in the circle that welcomed him.* The stateliest gentry of the county, whenever they had especial merriment in view, called in the wit and eloquence of Burns to enliven their carousals."

Here let us drop the curtain. After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well. An hour, a day,—and such as the stern and illiberal, who condemned him,—such as the gay and careless, who joined in his revels,—such as the unthinking and proud, who heeded not his fate,—such as the generous, who pitied his errors, and the enlightened, who gloried in his genius,—all shall be alike, and, like him, in the dust. Let this teach us charity to our fellow-mortals; and let us honour in them those gifts which can never die.

The Rôlé. 3 vols. London, 1828. Colburn.

THE title of this book combines attraction and repulsion: attraction for those who do not fear to see a knowledge of the world and its vices vividly displayed; and repulsion for those who dread that the exposure of these vices cannot be effected without wounding purity, and even tainting morals. Being uncertain whether the *Rôlé* is yet in the hands of the public, we shall not discuss this question;—but content ourselves with stating, that the writer has steered very clear of many of the difficulties which beset him in painting unprincipled men and yielding women; and that in the end he has rendered poetical justice both to folly and delinquency. Of course, it is impossible but that the *Rôlé* should employ language sometimes warm, when applied to sensual indulgences—and sometimes lax, when addressed to graver questions: but it must ever be considered from whose mouth these expressions come; and if we admit of the character being drawn at all, we must admit that the author has not transgressed the bounds of fidelity in his portraiture. The first volume, in particular, is a proof of Mr. Beazley's high talents—and convinces us, that in this class of writing he may become extremely popular. It is only after the introduction of his principal personage (at the end of it), that we doubt his being found so agreeable. Moral anatomy may be as useful as physical, but just as detestable for close inspection. A lover who snatches the engineer, a Vauban of the heart—one who calculates his own feelings, resources, and

* "These particulars are from a letter of David Macculloch, Esq., who, being at this period a very young gentleman, a passionate admirer of Burns, and a capital singer of many of his serious songs, used often, in his enthusiasm, to accompany the poet on his professional excursions."

means of attack, while analysing those of the fortress—one who treats passion as if it were a science,—such a one might write a most excellent treatise on Love for the Society of Useful or Useless Knowledge; but we extremely doubt his being a very dangerous person in society. We are rather of opinion, after all, that Rôlés are, like Wordsworth's cuckoo, "talked of, but never seen."

Having thrown out these few hints, which do not aspire to the name of criticism, and desiring that all the story of this novel should have its full weight of novelty with its readers, we shall follow our own usual (and not its) course; and by a few connected extracts afford an idea of the author's abilities.

The commencement is so spirited as to tempt us at the outset.

"How many of the genuine feelings of human nature have been repressed and spoiled by the coldness of those outward forms which constitute so great a proportion of our education! We enter into the world with buoyant feelings, fresh and 'thick-coming fancies,' enthusiastic anticipation—with hearts and hands open to the impression and impulses of love, friendship, and generosity, and with a multitude of senses and passions, all promising pleasure in their pursuit and their gratification. We feel the genuine tears of sympathy spring into our eyes at a tale of distress; and while

The world to our unpractised hearts
A flattering prospect shows;
Our fancy forms a thousand schemes
Of gay delights and golden dreams,
And undisturbed repose:

we find our young pulses bounding with delight at the sight of beauty, and experience a thousand sensations which impel us to an intimate intercourse of hearts with our fellow-creatures; and the first thing we are taught in life, is to unlearn these early lessons of our nature: to repress these delightful springings of the heart—

To shut up all the passages of joy—

and to substitute the coldness of educated ceremony for these bursts of genuine feelings. We are taught to repress our generosity, to steel our hearts against the influence of beauty, and to admit friendship and love only where they are compatible with our interest—interest, that mainspring of human nature, as it is called, at whose shrine all our best feelings are sacrificed, and to which our young hearts are directed in school-days, at college, and through the world, as the only god that should be worshipped. The whole of our early life seems to be spent in getting rid of nature, and in the acquirement of artifice, till our hearts and minds are no more like that for which they were first intended, than the tree, which some laborious Cincinnatus of a cit has trimmed into the shape of a peacock, is like that which has grown up in all the unconfined and vigorous luxuriance of its native forest. All the first feelings of our nature in early life become the subjects of punishment or reproof: the buoyancy of our youthful spirit is curbed, because it encroaches on the conventional forms of society. Natural enthusiasm is repressed and shamed with the stigma of eccentricity; and the whole system of our education is an attempt to put the heart in an ice-pail, and to treat it as we do our Champagne, without considering that, though coldness may improve the wine, it is certain to deteriorate the man. All our first lessons of life come upon the heart, as the rude hand upon the leaf of the sensitive plant. It shrinks within itself, ashamed of the feelings which it is thus compelled to bury within its own limits; and, finding no outlet for them, they perish, in

time, for want of use, as a limb will become contracted, and wither and die for want of exercise. It is this which gives such a sameness to society. It is this which prevents that individuality of character which made the heroes, the lovers, and the friends of the 'golden age.' All is now conventional form and outward ceremony. Friendships are made or broken as these forms prescribe, and are seldom strong enough to abide the storm of adversity—to stand the test of ridicule—or the influence of etiquette. Love is no longer the buoyant, pure, and generous passion, that has excited the hearts which experienced it to the greatest actions to accomplish its gratification; but is a mere word generally used, only because it is found in the vocabulary of our language with a particular meaning attached to it, as certain law-terms are still in vogue, although the spirit which rendered them necessary has long since expired. Like those who, by artificial light, put out that of the day, so have we, by borrowed forms and fashions, destroyed the sun-light of our own natural and best feelings:

And love's and friendship's finely-pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.

In short, love, friendship, feeling of every kind, are all under the prescriptive rules of society. Young men are educated with the view to making or increasing their fortune by marriage; and young women, with no other idea than that of forming an establishment. This is, perhaps, more applicable to the latter than to the former; since the very first lesson a woman receives, is to disguise her real sentiments: this engenders artifice; artifice, in time, annihilates the feeling which originally existed; and instead of the noble, generous nature of woman—for her nature is noble and generous—we have the sophisticated pieces of animated wax-work, which form the aggregate of female society; fair and pure to look upon, as the drifted snow, and generally quite as cold."

We cannot, however, agree to the extent of the author's deductions from these premises—only in this: "There is, however, a medium between the coldness of mere conventional propriety, and the unrepressed exuberance of nature. Let a sound judgment be placed as a sentinel upon the feelings, and they will be more likely to lead to happiness than if totally repressed. We would have women creatures of nature, as well as of education: we would have their hearts as well as their heads cultivated, and not find them as they now too often are,—flowers, like those discovered by our late travellers to the North Pole, beautiful to the eye, but enclosed in an icicle which, in melting, destroyed them."

To exhibit this, Amelia and Agnes, two sisters, are contrasted; the former, the child of fashionable tuition—the latter, of natural impulses. A contrast of old and new times would better suit our purpose of illustration; but, alas! it is too long, and we can only refer, for it, to p. 73 *et seq.* Vol. I., while we quote some shrewd and clever remarks on "Finishing Schools" and female education.

"Of what class of society in general do these schoolmasters and mistresses consist?—To whom is it that we intrust the sacred charge of forming the young minds of our children, and giving them that stamp which is to influence their passage through life? Why, principally, broken-down tradesmen, or professional men and their wives; who, having failed in their original calling in life, have no other means of support left than becoming

coal-merchants, or wine-merchants, or schoolmasters and mistresses:—the three grand resources for all ruined people who wish to redeem their fortunes. If a husband dies, leaving a widow with an unprovided family, her friends immediately project a ladies' establishment; and with a partial knowledge of her own language, and even that of the most moderate kind, she sets up for a teacher of all; and with the assistance of some French demirep, whose morals and conduct have driven her from her own country; or, perhaps, as has been the case more than once, a French femme de chambre, for a mistress of French; a French valet for a dancing-master; and a profligate Italian refugee for a professor of music;—sets up a school, in which our English girls, of a certain caste, are to be fitted for wives and mothers. The poor children of every friend of the widow, and of all her friends' friends, are put in requisition, till a sufficient number is collected to furnish an income; and many a fortune is made by the savings from the board, by profit on books, and forfeited silver forks and spoons, and by the charges for educating these little urchins, who may be considered fortunate, if they return home as empty-headed as they came. This is not at all a caricature description of the origin and formation of most of those establishments to which is intrusted the education, and consequently the happiness and virtue, of those to whom parents look for the comfort of their old age; as might easily be discovered, were the numerous professors of French, music, and dancing, who figure away at ladies' establishments and finishing schools in and near London, compelled to produce certificates of characters and occupations in their own country. Such schools as these are, however, only for the commonalty—for the second-rate citizen and tradesman—for the petit placeman, and all those of confined income. These are the only persons who are now taken in by the promises of these advertising dealers in education.

"In this wide metropolis—this epitome of the world at large—this congregation of vice and virtue—this grand union of contraries of all descriptions—there are times, places, and people, to meet all circumstances and situations. Here are decayed people of fashion, or distant and collateral branches of gentility, as well as bankrupts of the middling orders of society, who undertake the care and cultivation of the female mind, or rather the regulation of their manners and persons; although they will never sully their establishment with any other than the scions of nobility. Some of these undertake to bring out two or three young ladies who may be deprived of their parents; and contrive, by the addition which this plan affords to their income, still to keep their place in society, and to make their houses still the resort of people of fashion. Others, again, make a more open display of their pretensions to educate; and though they despise the drudgery of 'teaching the young idea how to shoot,' profess to finish young ladies of fashion in all the elegant accomplishments of the concert, the ball, and the drawing-room. Of these, Mrs. Dashington had attained the greatest celebrity. A year or two's initiation was sure to give the stamp of fashion to any one who was fortunate enough to enjoy her protection. Her establishment was to young women, not educated at home, what the university is to young men; and the young ladies who had graduated in it were considered at once fit for all the honours of

presentation and the drawing-room. By the help of her various professors, she had completely succeeded in giving her pupils that which the French call *l'ournure*—that air *distingué* which pleases and impresses the mind, without our knowing why, and which frequently bears the palm of admiration away from beauty itself. The first thing, according to Mrs. Dashington's system of education, was 'manner'—the second thing was 'manner,' and the third thing was 'manner;' thus every thing was sacrificed to its attainment. The whole of her ethics consisted in doing every thing like a woman of fashion: her pupils sang and danced with the most exquisite taste and judgment—but they sang and danced like ladies, and not like professors. In short, it was a universal observation, that a young lady who had enjoyed the advantages of Mrs. Dashington's establishment was never known to utter a sound of discord—in her music, or commit a *faux pas*—in a minuet or a quadrille. As to principles and temper, they were beneath the consideration of an aristocratic school-mistress; and as the end of her education was merely to procure husbands for her pupils, why, if their principles and tempers held out till they were married, the end was accomplished; and it was the husband's business to preserve and keep—or endure them afterwards.

"And here, by the by, a word or two on the propriety and regulation of establishments of this kind. They are, of course, generally kept by needy persons; and those persons are but too apt to lie under pecuniary and other obligations, which they are willing enough to return by invitations to all the little *fêtes* which the nature of their occupation enables them, and, in some instances, requires them, to give. By these means, young women are brought in contact with persons of the other sex, whom they never could have met at the houses of their parents: and while the youthful mind is too fresh in life, and too unhackneyed in the conventional distinctions of society, to place a proper value upon rank and equality of worldly circumstances, they are but too open to the impression which a pleasing exterior and address, and agreeable conversation, intermixed with a little flattery, is too likely to be made by the first man who has ever talked to her as though she were, and has made her feel that she was, a woman. There are, in consequence, few of these establishments in which there is not a great danger of a young woman's forming connexions which can never be pleasing to their more ambitious parents; for while there are idle and briefless barristers, with wit enough to make themselves agreeable—young officers, with sufficient dash and gallantry to captivate the female heart—and wealthy dandy sons of merchants, with power to command opera-boxes for the duenna of the establishment—there will always be a crowd of young men who will flock to a 'flirtation general,' with young ladies of a rank in life whom they could never meet with by any other means than their acquaintance with the school-mistress. This fault, and a most dangerous one it is, exists in all the gradations of these establishments; and, in many cases, the foundation of those unequal alliances, which embitter so many parents' hearts, and disappoint so many expectations, have had their origin in these schools of embryo coquetry—in these scenes of incipient flirtation. Those who imagine the room appropriated to study in Mrs. Dashington's establishment to resemble any thing like a common school, would be most

egregiously mistaken. There was no long desk at which the pupils were confined to pursue their studies; no torturing stocks, to twist their toes into north by north-east, and south by south-west; no back-boards of bright red morocco, with a steel collar to be passed under their chin, to keep their heads up. No: the young ladies of Mrs. Dashington's establishment could hold up their heads high enough without any such mechanical assistance; they had only to think upon their birth—upon their ancestors—upon their aunt the marchioness—their cousin the countess—or their fortune; and crown the whole by the exclusive reputation of being a pupil of the — square school, to enable them to hold up their heads quite high enough for any purpose in the world. Indeed, long after they had quitted it, and were 'out,' as the phrase is,—and very well applied in some instances,—they were too apt to think very little of all the new presentations, who had not taken their degrees as 'Mistresses of Arts' in Mrs. Dashington's university; and some of her very exclusive *élèves* were once on the point of establishing an annual quadrille of her ex-pupils, after the manner of the dinner of some of our public schools, and admit none but Christ-church men as their visitors; only that the husbands of some of them having had the misfortune to have been matriculated at Magdalen Hall, Wadham, and St. John's, did not like to leave their wives at the mercy of the gentlemen commoners of Christ-church. In the stead of all the above-mentioned common appendages of a boarding-school, Mrs. Dashington's pupils' room exhibited elegant library tables, covered with all the lighter literary productions of the day, mixed up with a thousand knick-knacks in or-molu, china, bronze, paper, and pasteboard. The principal portion of the literature of the establishment consisted in the novels of the day, the poems of Byron and Moore, and the various effusions of 'Flowers of Poesy,' and all the host of little 'prettinesses,' which daily emanate from the ever-teeming press, of modern publications, in magazines, annals, repertoires, &c. These the young ladies were allowed to read indiscriminately; nor, as long as they paid sufficient attention to the professors of music and dancing—as long as they moved to admiration in a minuet, or swept the strings of their harp, or touched the keys of the piano, with elegance—did Mrs. Dashington trouble herself much about the regulation of their minds. Manners were her profession, and morals were out of the question: thus, inactive minds had leisure and opportunity to give way to their indolent propensities; while those of a more active tendency might, perhaps, with greater danger, indulge in the indiscriminate perusal of all the flimsy, and often pernicious, books which lay upon Mrs. Dashington's tables."

With these extracts we conclude; only adding, that several pathetic and tragical scenes are portrayed with great power, and excite a deep interest in perusing them. In fine, as we have said, if we do not allow exceptions to be taken against some of the *dramatis personæ* introduced, such as the Roué and his associate Villars, two cold-blooded seducers; Wheeler, a governess of any thing but virtuous character; and Swashing Nan, an unhappy prostitute, betrayed from innocence to ruin by the *hero*—we should unreservedly praise this work for the acuteness, the talent, and the abilities, of which it is so full. The character of Agnes, the heroine, is powerfully depicted; and the whole story well put together. We

fear it may be too true a picture of the worst parts of human nature, as well as of fashionable life: but

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

The Works of Lord Byron. 4 vols. 18mo. London, 1828. J. Murray.

To this very cheap and very neat edition of Lord Byron's poems we have already alluded. With the exception of the free, not to say licentious, Don Juan, it contains all his lordship's principal productions, including his dramatic writings: and thus, for eighteen shillings, almost all that is admirable in the noble bard, with a smaller proportion than might have been of what is objectionable, is before the public. We were not surprised to learn that six thousand copies were sold on the day this work was brought to market; and we rejoice in the circumstance, not only because we approve of moderate prices for their own sake, but because such publications are well calculated to baffle, if not to destroy, that piratical system of pillaging British authors and publishers which is so extensively and shamefully carried on in France.

Of Lord Byron as an author it is unnecessary for us now to speak. We always admired his genius; and we always entered our protest against his evil principles. The tomb has modified these feelings, but not altered them: We perhaps admire his genius more highly, and we perhaps feel more charity towards his errors. We were often condemned as his enemies for pointing out his faults as a man, and as a poet the sources whence he unquestionably borrowed many of his ideas: but because we would not shut our eyes to these facts, were we blind to the extraordinary merits of this gifted individual? We rather adopt, as congenial to our minds, the sentiments so well expressed by another son of song, the amiable and early lost Robert Pollok.

"A man of rank, and of capacious soul,
Who richer had, and faster, beyond desire;
An heir of flattery, to titles born,
And reputation, and luxurious life;
Yet not content with ancestral name,
Or to be known because his fathers were;
He on this height hereditary stood,
And gazing higher, purposed in his heart
To take another step. Above him seemed
Alone the mount of song—the lofty seat
Of canonized bards; and thitherward,
By nature taught, and inward melody,
In prime of youth, he bent his eagle eye.

He touched his harp, and nations heard, entranced;
As some vast river of unfeeling source,
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flowed.
All passions of all men,
The wild and tame,—the gentle and severe;
All thoughts—all maxims, sacred and profane—
All creeds—all seasons—Time—Eternity:
All that was hated, and all that was dear—
All that was hoped, and all that was feared by man,
He told'st about as tempest-withered leaves;
Then smiling look'd up on the wreck he made.
With terror now he froze the cowering blood,
And now dissolved the heart in tenderness;
Yet would not tremble, would not weep himself;
But back into his soul retired—alone,
Dark, sullen, proud, gazing contemptuously
On hearts and passions prostrate at his feet."

Such will be the estimate of all but the servile flatterers who crawled about Byron while living, and attempt to defame him when dead. On that class we have some indignant lines from a friend; but it would be attaching too much importance to such creatures to notice them with so potent a hand: we will only quote two or three brief passages, which they may apply as they list.

"When falls the Eagle from his realms of air,
What nonsense things th' imperial banquet share!
Forth from the royal creature reptiles creep,
And insects revel o'er his rotting scorp,
Thus, when the bard who soar'd the aerial height,
There, where the meander durst not wing their flight,

(Poet in soul, while millions strove to claim
From verse alone the prostituted name,)—
Vell'd his vast pennons to almighty Death,
What happy myriads hailed his parting breath!"

The writer soon after apostrophises the latest assailant of Byron's name.

"Oh, blind to him, yet to thyself more blind,
Contempt's keen laugh pursues thee from behind!
In thy hot zeal to make his follies known,
Thou canst not see what rays reveal thine own.
When Self beguiles, how slight is Folly's screen!
Thy head is hidden, but thy hoofs are seen.
Go! join thy rival mountebank, the same
In puffs, in party, and (yet stranger) name.
Henceforth the pair on equal wing shall soar,
Hunt the reformer—Hunt the orator.
Go! and, unconscious of the public scorn,
Roast reputations as he roasted corn.
While, chalk'd on walls, derisive crowds peruse
Thy black'ning book, his blacking for the shoes."

How vain the debt of friendship to disclaim!
Ev'n now, goule-like, thou liv'st upon his fame.

When low reclines the warrior's gory head,
How fancy loathes the plunderer of the dead!
Less foul than thine the battle-harry's prey,
For 'tis a friend whose spoils thou tear'st away.

Beware! a spirit in his ashes glows,
His eye frowns on thee from his stern repose;
His awful shade o'ercasts thy fate with gloom,
And Vengeance tracks thee ev'n beyond the tomb.
Thou should'st, poor fool, have blest the meener lot,
Which, in his satire, left thy muse forgot;
But thy own hand hath link'd thee to his name
In hateful immortality of fame.
Where'er shall beam his glory's radiant star,
Thy speck of calumny shall not be far,
And the same trump shall sound, from coast to coast,
Our era's Zolius, and England's boast."

But men of all countries have viewed this act of meanness and perfidy in the same light. The French critics, even of the biographer's own party, speak of 'les pucierres commentaires de Hunt sur le caractère de Byron;' and others deliver similar sentiments, in stronger terms of contempt and indignation.

While on this subject, we may mention that there was recently proposed for publication a work, the MS. of which has not been altogether secret from us, entitled "Leigh Hunt and his Companions," the production, as we were told, of an ex-Cockney. In this work Hunt is treated with as much familiarity, with as little regard to private feeling or the sanctity of private acquaintance, (yet with pure truth and justice,) as he used towards Byron. Every domestic detail is laid before the reader; whole-length portraits of Fornarina, Shapina, *et hoc genus omne*, are given; conversations of the most loathsome description between Hunt and Shelley, in which infidelity forms the prominent feature, are related; with other topics, to which we cannot even advert. But the most curious part of the book, as disproving many of Hunt's assertions, is one of Keats's MS. letters, in which he feelingly says, "Hunt has damned Hampstead;" and proceeds to add, that he attributes his own failure to the precocious puffery in the *Examiner*. This is of a piece with the mock elegy in the *Quarterly*. Should the work appear, we shall pass our comments upon it. We have heard, indeed, that it has been transmitted to the bard now employed upon the biography of Byron; but we think the proper plan would have been to publish it (as originally intended) as a "companion" to Hunt. One word more: if Hunt produces not Byron's letter, adverted to by the *Quarterly Review*, and so unhand-somely kept back by him, he is lower in the mire, if possible, than he was before.

Practical Elocution, or Hints to Public Speakers; with a Dissertation on the Use of certain Hypo-thetical Verbs in the English Language. By H. J. Prior, Teacher of Elocution, &c. &c. 12mo. pp. 173. London, Simpkin and Marshall. [Impudent Forgery.]

The entirely new principles unfolded in this

very original and elaborate volume gave us an extremely high opinion of the abilities of the author, Mr. H. J. Prior. Here is a teacher of elocution, said we to ourselves, who is worthy to be a professor of that great accomplishment. If the London University, now, want a person of this class, here is the man for their money. In him there is a patience of research, a painfulness of inquiry, a philosophicalness of mind, and a certain good old English mode of expressing himself, which would be invaluable to the infant College of the Capital. He will demonstrate *visâ voce*, as he does so well in this volume, that modern elocution may speedily rival ancient oratory, if you cultivate the voice when young, and attend to the other instructions which he so lucidly lays down. Look to your respiration, your lungs, your larynx, your glottis, and your epiglottis: make a proper use of your tongue and your jaw, your uvula and your nostrils, and we will warrant you that you shall speak like a Cicero or a Demosthenes. You shall manage the nine vowels, the nine half vowels, the five aspirates, and the six mutes, of which the English vocal language consists, so as to whisper or speak aloud in the most superior manner; nay, even to sing like a Brahm or a Stephens. For you must understand, according to the author, Mr. H. J. Prior, that Nature is so illiberal that she leaves us untutored in this accomplishment, which he, Mr. Prior, cultivates from simple sounds to the most complicated and difficult expression; over-coming in his road indistinctness, precipitancy, organs, defects, obstructions, nasal pronunciation, stammering, and all other ills that speech is heir to. Above all things, it seems to be expedient, not to keep your breath to cool your partridge, for it is an essential element to a strong and sonorous voice. Then, for articulation, roundness, flexibility, tone, modulation, &c. &c., the author, Mr. H. J. Prior, has gone largely and with uncommon sagacity into them all, so that there is no lack of observation on these points. On grave sounds his remarks are grave, and on acute sounds he is both sound and acute. He has also a perfectly novel scheme for adapting the English language to ancient measure, which it is surprising should never have occurred to any preceding writer upon this interesting subject. But why should we dwell on the various merits of this extraordinary performance? let us listen to the modest and unpretending way in which the author, Mr. H. J. Prior, treats of it himself, in his conclusion.

"I have now (says he) investigated the pleasing theory of speech, from the gentlest whisper of the breath to the most animated tones of the passions. Much might be added on a subject so complicated and extensive. I have only drawn the outlines, and given a rude sketch of what may be more completely finished at some future period. In the mean time, I shall receive, with the utmost gratitude, any hint or critical observation, from such as are conversant in the sciences of physiology, music, and speaking. It cannot be supposed, that, at my early time of life, an undertaking of this kind should be executed with that accuracy and precision which may be expected from a person of more years and experience. Some of the foregoing subjects have been much controverted by modern writers. I have not attempted to reconcile their variance, or to establish a system of my own. My sole aim has been to offer to the candid and discerning public, a method of cultivating the voice, which is SOMEWHAT NEW, and might be attended with success."

Verily, Mr. H. J. Prior, this is too bad. Do yourself justice, young as you are, and do not oblige us to exhibit the singular merits which belong to your "SOMEWHAT NEW METHOD"! It may, perhaps, have fallen to the lot of some of our readers to have met with an old volume, which Mr. Prior, of course, has never seen. It was written by one John Herries, A.M., and published by Edward and Charles Dilly, so long ago as to be almost forgotten, viz. in 1773. This Herries must have been as barefaced and impudent a plagiarist as ever attempted a public imposition; for is it to be believed, this rascally master of arts (well he deserves to be so called) has printed every syllable of Mr. H. J. Prior's "Practical Elocution," under the title of "The Elements of Speech?" The only difference which a rigid comparison has enabled us to detect, is, that, in the quotation we have just made, Herries improperly begins, "We have now investigated," instead of the more correct, "I have now investigated." But he pretends to the same youth and want of experience, and claims the somewhat new method as his own, precisely in the words employed by his illustrious prototype, Mr. Prior. In short, the two books are, *verbatim et literatim*, THE SAME, from beginning to end!! Nay, there is even a remarkable table of the elements of speech and vocal music, on a new plan, identical in both, though published at the distance of fifty-five years apart!!

Under these circumstances, it seems impossible to resist the conclusion, that this John Herries, M.A. is a rank quack and impostor, who, in spite of a clear and decidedly Prior claim, has dared to deck himself in borrowed plumage. In requital for this flagrant and impudent breach of morality, we venture to throw out our "hints to public writers:" to wit, that it is highly indecorous to anticipate what others intend to publish; that plagiarisms of an antedate are the most offensive of all plagiarisms; and that the common wish against such fellows is—

"Perant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt."

Mr. Prior, indeed, may well pray, in the language of the Litany, to be delivered from all such *d-le Herrieses** as this stumbling-block has been in his auctorial path: and it may be that he hath equal cause of distaste towards us, his flattering reviewers; for, not boasting of the dignity of a Prior, he may despise our intermeddling in this business like a Paul Pry or worse.

To conclude: entertaining, as we do, boundless confidence in Mr. Prior's powers of invention, we rejoice to perceive it announced in his present volume, that he is about to favour the world with two other new works: "Poetry Familiarised, &c. for the Use of Ladies' Schools," and "A Compendium of Logic." He has only to carry into these productions the same degree of originality, candour, honesty, and talent, which distinguish his "Practical Elocution," in order to be esteemed the most popular author of our times. As for the hypercritical objection arising out of the publication of 1773, we have only to read the publishers' names to see that it is a mere *Daffy-down-Dilly*.

Lyon's Mexico.

(Third Notice.)

To wind up within the week, or if not the week within the month, or if not the month within the quarter, so as to keep our Gazettees as much as possible free from broken continua-

* Query, Herries?—Printer's Devil.

tions, has been our endeavour from A.D. 1817 to A.D. 1828; but we find it impracticable to observe this rule in regard to Captain Lyon's diversified and interesting volumes. From this work our extracts are still so miscellaneous, that it hardly matters where we begin, or how we arrange them. We shall set out with inanimate nature—scenery on the river Panuco.

"Before noon, the sea-breeze, the greatest imaginable luxury in the Tierra Caliente, set very strongly up the river, and we sailed delightfully before it, discovering as we advanced fresh beauties at every turn of the stream. The varieties of new and magnificent trees, covered with the most luxuriant and brilliant parasitical plants, dipping their branches in the current; withering trunks clothed with a verdure not their own, but which flourished on their decay; and the immense up-rooted timber lying grounded in the shoaler parts of the stream, and causing strong eddies amongst their shattered branches,—gave a character to the scene around, which to me was altogether new and enchanting. Here we saw the hanging-nests of the calandria and many bright-plumed birds. Lime and lemon-trees, bearing at the same time fruit and flowers, hung most invitingly over the water, and afforded us abundance of refreshing lemonade. In some places, immense willows threw their cool shade over smooth banks, resembling very closely the park scenery on the borders of the Thames; while groups of cattle grazing or sleeping beneath thin spreading branches, rendered these particular views so like home, that it was fortunate we had some other objects to remind us how far we were removed from it. Here an enormous alligator would plunge into the river from his broken sleep on the sunny bank; or a delicate white heron would rise alarmed on the wing, and soar above our heads, when affrighted from her retreat among the rushes. We saw also on this day a mamot, or sea-cow, but it was out of the reach of our shot; and I killed a water-snake as thick as my wrist, while it lay sleeping in the sun on a branch of a decayed tree.

"As night closed in, we passed several Indian huts surrounded by maize. We sailed slowly on with a light breeze, near banks quite illuminated by the fire-flies, and the wailing and cries of the solitary night-birds gave a peculiar solemnity to the evening; when our ears were suddenly enlivened by the merry sounds of a fiddle and a guitar, proceeding from a small canoe, which glided swiftly past us, and was carrying this little band to a fandango about to be given at one of the Ranchero's huts."

Between Potosi and Zacatecas, the mining district, affords a striking contrast.

"A more desolate, dreary country than this appeared in the month of June, scarcely exists on the face of the globe, after excepting the Great Desert in Africa, and the polar regions. We completed our day by arriving at a wretched mud village named La Blanca, and put up at a ruined Hacienda de Plata, having travelled twelve leagues, in which we saw five cañons and crosses. At about four miles before reaching this wretched place, we passed La Laguna y Rancho del Moro, lying at a little distance to our left. Considerable quantities of salt covered the ground at this place, which a number of people were scraping up and putting into a bullock-cart. The flat valley was covered by a weak kind of parched grass, on which above three hundred brood mares with their colts and a large flock of sheep were feeding. Here I saw for the first time a coyote, or jackal, at which I had an ineffectual shot; and

we also observed that the ground squirrels were very numerous.*

In travelling over this country, many strange incidents and pictures of manners naturally occur: for example, near Tanjuco, Capt. L. observes:—

"We arrived after dark at six or eight poor huts called 'Tanquichi,' where for some time we could not find a living soul, or even a dog to bark at us. At length we stumbled over a naked Indian lying on his back on the ground, and fanning the clouds of mosquitos from him with a cloth, the thick smoke of a little wood fire which was placed to windward being insufficient to keep off these tormentors. I may here notice a singular custom which I observed amongst the Indians and Rancheros in this little excursion, which was, that where the mosquitos were most abundant and tormenting, they invariably lay down stripped of their shirt; and our canoe-men made a constant practice of this, fanning themselves—and I verily believe in their sleep—all night. Our naked friend muttered a drowsy assent to the mules being tied to a corner of his hut, and to our lying down wherever we could, or following his cool example. But the women who were withinside resisted all our entreaties that they would give us something to eat; and no promise of money could induce them even to make us a tortilla.

"What with the excessive heat and monotonous surface of the Tierra Caliente, the difficult and fatiguing ascents of the mountains, and the clouds of dust of the 'temperate regions,' I began to be rather tired of my journeying on a road so totally destitute of interest or incident. My chests and furniture were split by the sun, or by the laden mules knocking them against the trees; and instead of being twelve days, as was expected, we had now been travelling fifteen. Fifty miles of our journey yet remained to be performed, with jaded mules, and arrieros sick with ague and fever. I do not complain either of my food or lodging, being always grateful for them whether good or bad; but fastidious persons would do well never to enter the Mexican territories *viâ* Tampico and San Luis. It should be the constant axiom with the stranger, that whatever feeds or covers the people amongst whom he travels, will unquestionably nourish and shelter himself; and on this principle, he will find no difficulties in earthen floors, in mud huts, tortillas, or ropes of beef."

Whirlwinds.—"In three leagues over a stony road we reached the Rancho del Tejón, and passed on to a plain on which the number of whirlwinds was quite extraordinary. We had repeatedly seen a few of them; but on this day they appeared to have assumed a new form, raising the dust to a height of two or three hundred feet in straight columns, which preserved their perpendicularity, and moved but slowly over the plain, while many continued to turn rapidly on their axes without any perceptible progressive motion."

The following characteristics of the natives are worthy of note:—

"It would perhaps be difficult, even in this

* We may, in a note here, as well as under its proper head of publications in the *Fine Arts*, notice *The Sketch Book of Captain G. F. Lyon, R.N., during Eight Months' Residence in the Republic of Mexico.* No. II. Dickinson.

This Number contains, "An Indian of the village of Tanjuco, Rio Panuco;" "Ruins of a City between Tacatoca and Villa Nueva, known to the Mexicans as Los Edificios;" "The Indian Village of Colotlan;" "Cofre de Perote, as seen from the church of San Francisco Xalapa;" and "Mobs found at the Indian Village of Tumpam." We cannot say that any of these subjects are very striking or interesting.

universally lethargic country, to find a more listless, idle set of half-sleepy people than those of Panuco, who for the greater part are creoles. Surrounded by a soil capable of the highest cultivation, living near a river absolutely swarming with the finest fish, they have scarcely a vegetable, and rarely any other food than tortillas of maize, and occasionally a lump of tasajo, or jerked beef. The siesta appears to consume half the day, and even speaking is an effort to this lazy race. Such as are obliged to labour in order to save themselves from starving, obtain their livelihood by cutting dyewoods to freight the vessels which occasionally come up the river for a cargo. These woods are the moral or fustic, which sells at four reals the quintal; sarsaparilla at two reals the arroba; and a wood called palo azul, or blue wood, which has lately been introduced as an article of commerce, and according to its chemical treatment yields three or four fine tints. All these are brought in from the surrounding forests; yet firewood and charcoal can scarcely be procured in the town. The latter is sold at an exorbitant price, owing to the want of energy in the natives, who prefer receiving it by an eighty miles' water conveyance (from Tampico), rather than burning it themselves within fifty yards from their own town."

At San Juan (the author states), "I believe that every woman, and the greater part of the men of the Rancho came at different times in the evening to see my watch and writing-case, neither of which curiosities had ever before been exhibited in San Juan. The watch was a machine of which all had heard; but their astonishment on hearing it tick and seeing its wheels in motion, was really as great as I ever saw displayed by either Negroes or Esquimaux; yet those people were almost all white, and the descendants of Spaniards. A venerable old Ranchero, whose opinions seemed to carry great weight, remarked, that 'it was a folly (*louteria*) to give a number of dollars for a thing just to know how many hours it was from morning or night;—that to know when to eat and drink, when to get up or lie down to rest, was quite sufficient;' a remark which with these primitive people met with very general approval. Offers were made to purchase every thing belonging to me;—a mano of paper, buttons, any article whatsoever; my visitors being persuaded that I could come for no other purpose than to trade."

"We this day, at various times, had passed a great number of Indians, who were bathing in the river by whole families at a time, which appears to be their morning and evening custom; and all those who live near the stream are very clean both in their persons and clothes. Boats laden with articles for the Tampico market continually enlivened the scene; and it was highly amusing to observe the politeness of the passing Indians, who used the 'Don' and pulled off their hats very ceremoniously to each other on every occasion, paying a variety of rapidly uttered compliments at the same time. The señoras and señoritas, who sat washing themselves or their clothes in the river, received the most marked respect. Many a brown flat-visaged man, with a quarter of a pair of breeches and a straw hat, was hailed as 'Don'; while inquiries were made after the health of the señora and the young ladies, who in some instances answered for themselves, as they were disporting in the water near the banks, and just shewing their shining brown shoulders and immensely long jetty hair, while they swam in those places unfrequented by the alligators."

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

A Dictionary of Medicine, designed for popular Use, &c. &c. By Alexander Macaulay, M.D. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 896. Edinburgh, 1826, Adam Black. London, Longman and Co.

We last week noticed two works of this class, and now observe that our northern neighbours are not behind us in similar publications. Dr. Macaulay appears to be a gentleman of sound sense and much practical experience. His arrangement is alphabetical; and in this convenient way he treats of diseases, medicines, diet, and other subjects of importance to all living men. The diseases incident to warm climates seem to have attracted much of the author's attention; and, upon a casual inspection of his volume, we are free to say, that we have seen nothing of the kind more opposed to quackery, or better adapted for consultation by individuals who will be their own doctors. We ought, perhaps, to apologise for not having entered more into detail upon these volumes of domestic medicine; but we assure our readers, that, from merely dipping into three of them, within the last fortnight, we do not feel half so well, or so assured of our good health, as we were before. A careful perusal would certainly cause our death; and as we have much in store to communicate for the advantage of the world, we intend, as much as possible, to decline leaving it for the present.

Public Characters: Biographical and Characteristic Sketches, with Portraits, of the most distinguished Personages of the present Age. Vol. I. 18mo. pp. 324. Knight and Lacey.

THIS work, which has appeared from time to time in Nos. now forms a little volume. It is not of high pretensions, and is very well in its way—a cheap matter, to meet the curiosity of readers who can neither buy dear books nor estimate superior literature.

Bela Depicta, or Remarks on Mangel Wurzel. By T. Newby. London, Simpkin and Marshall.

MR. NEWBY is the eulogist of this root, in praise of which he invokes the Muse, besides Latin names and English prose. For our parts, though he lauds its capability of yielding sugar by extract, and considers it to afford "entertainment for man and horse," we are afraid we could extract no entertainment for any man from the treatise upon its merits. We can only refer to the brochure itself, for the information of all who desire to be acquainted with the culture, uses, &c. of mangel wurzel.

The Mechanic's Magazine. Vol. VIII. Knight and Lacey.

THIS useful and intelligent periodical is now too well known to need a blast from our trumpet: we need only mention that the eighth volume, with a portrait of Dr. Birkbeck, has appeared, and contains a mass of valuable inquiry and matter.

The Companion to the Almanac; or Year-Book of general Information for 1828. Baldwin and Cradock.

A VERY useful little volume. The various articles of which it is composed appear to have been drawn up with considerable care and ability. The paper on the "celestial phenomena of the year," in particular, is written in a very pleasing and instructive style. We say thus much in the spirit of justice, though we have felt bound to condemn the low, chandler tricks of trade by which the Almanac itself, and other publications

from the same source, have been brought forward and propped.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

RUSSIA AND PERSIA.

[On presenting the following Journal to our readers, we have great pleasure in acknowledging, that it is derived from the best authority, both as it gratifies ourselves and as it stamps the relation with a very superior degree of public interest. Other letters which have reached us from Petersburg and Tabreez possess singular importance at this moment; but we do not feel at liberty to go into their details. Suffice it to say, that they are the latest from these parts; and that on the frontiers of Persia the decided opinion of British residents (who have the first opportunities of forming a judgment) is sadly against the chance of any successful resistance being made to the advance of the Russians. "The unwise Shah, by deferring the payment of the money demanded by Russia (says one of our letters) has occasioned a renewal of hostilities; and the Russian army now under orders to proceed to Tehran. It is difficult to foresee the ultimate consequences—they must be fatal to Persia, certainly to the Shah. He could not await the arrival of the enemy at Tehran; and in attempting to quit it with his treasure, he would, most likely, be attacked and plundered by his own subjects."

From Petersburg we hear so gratifying an account of the Emperor Nicolas, that we are sure it must interest our readers, when so much depends on the personal character of sovereigns, and particularly, in as far as England is concerned, on the personal character of the Russian Autocrat. Again, we beg to state that our information is from such sources as to entitle it to no common consideration. "The Emperor (says the writer, an Englishman of superior information), will, I trust, have a prosperous reign; certainly no sovereign ever better deserved it. His sentiments are so high and noble, and his private and public life are so manly and dignified, that he forms a model for gentlemen and monarchs. This opinion is not simply my own, however confirmed by my personal experience, but the same that I hear from all the foreign ministers, who have been strict observers of his conduct, and who have seen him in days of difficulty and in hours of pleasure."

For the welfare of England and of Europe, we know not that we could publish a more satisfactory statement than this sketch of the Emperor Nicolas, which is written by a most competent witness, and assuredly never expected to meet the public eye—consequently the more valuable.

The narrative appears to us to be extremely characteristic of Persia at this eventful time.—*Ed. L. G.*

A DETAIL OF OCCURRENCES AT TABREEZ,

From Oct. 24, to Nov. 5, 1827.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 24th.—In the morning letters arrived from Soufian, addressed to Aka Reza and other heads of the divisions (kud khudas) of Tabreez: they were written by the sons of Nuzzur Ali Khan, late chief of Maraud, to inform the people of this city of the intended early advance of the Russian force which some days ago had arrived in that district. It was recommended that no opposition or resistance should be made; for if the inhabitants remained quiet, violence would not be offered to their lives or property. These letters being intercepted, were brought to the assuff ed dowlah Ali yar Khan, who immediately summoned the persons to whom they were addressed, and accused them of inviting the enemy to the city. The kud khudas, in the strongest terms, repelled this charge; but the contents of the letters having become public, the effect they were probably intended to produce was perfectly fulfilled. Later in the morning, a shah's gholam reached the city from Soufian. He reported that a strong advanced guard had arrived at that village just as he was quitting it. The alarm from this moment rapidly spread to every corner of Tabreez. The inhabitants of the suburbs were seen hurrying to find refuge within the walls; while the citizens, in smaller numbers, were endeavouring to escape into the country. Fear and extreme alarm were depicted on the countenances of all.—The present report of the approach of the Russian army did not pass unheeded by the Arrauk and Mazaundroun troops, who, to the number of 5 or 6000 men, had been left by the shah for the defence of the city. They were observed quietly to lead their cattle, and, in small parties,

to move out of the town. This movement soon became very general amongst them. Before mid-day the whole body had nearly quitted, on the road to Tehran: some few of the chiefs and less cowardly men alone remained lingering about the place.—Ali yar Khan was not early informed of the desertion of the troops. It is believed that their alarm was increased by the threats of the inhabitants of Tabreez, who, besides having a great antipathy to the south-erns, were anxious that their deserted guardians might leave the city, being either apprehensive that they might attempt to plunder it before they quitted, or, by a weak defence, might subject the town to ill treatment from the Russians. Ali yar Khan, when apprised of their flight, could only send some of their chiefs and his own immediate followers to stop the runaways. In his anger he likewise ordered the Tabreez people to pursue and plunder them. His orders were no sooner issued, than a portion of the armed citizens attacked and stripped the southerners who still remained at their posts. About one o'clock there were very few left of the 5000: four hundred were indeed brought back; they were secured within the walls of the citadel (Ark), to prevent a second flight; but on closing the gate which opens to the town, it was forgotten that there was another behind the old building, from whence the confined made their escape. The Arrauk troops were chiefly encamped between the outer and inner walls: many tents and other baggage were left on the ground. At this period two battalions, even two companies, of Russians would have taken possession of the city.—The two battalions of Shagangrees, encamped at a short distance beyond the walls, were then ordered to near the town, and take charge of the gateways. Ali yar Khan went out to persuade them to act with firmness and fidelity: he was listened to for a short time; but abusive terms were shortly bestowed upon him, and some stones thrown. Throughout the day the most contradictory reports prevailed; so much so, that it was confidently asserted that Abbas Mirza would before the evening arrive with the army from Khoeg. Syfe al Maulk Mirza had been sent with a large body of cavalry towards Soufian to reconnoitre. Towards sunset there was a greater appearance of tranquillity throughout Tabreez: it was believed that the prince had reached the bridge of the Agee, within four miles of the city, and the kud khudas were positively ordered out to meet him. The prince's wives yesterday removed to the garden; the chief civil authorities have also quitted with their families.

Thursday, 25th.—It has proved too true that the Russian force had reached Soufian: last night their camp was at Suning Koorpee, twelve miles from the city. Early in the morning their main body was seen advancing. On their arrival at the bridge of the Agee, the army halted, as if to prepare for action. The Shagangree battalions were stationed on the walls on that side of the city; the artillery placed a few days ago on the bastions and towers were loaded; the gates were also secured. Ali yar Khan appeared on horseback between the inner and outer walls: he endeavoured to encourage the troops to shew some resistance, and ordered the guns to be fired. Three alone were discharged; two with blank cartridges, the other shot. The enemy were completely out of range, nor were the guns directed towards their line of march: they only served as a signal for the Persian infantry, who fled out of the town with the utmost celerity. Meer Fatha, the chief of the

moolahs, with other priests, hastened to the spot. He sternly told the assuff to desist in further attempts to irritate the Russians, as resistance, under existing circumstances, could only be injurious—that he might relinquish his charge, and go about his business. Ali yar Khan then retired with two attendants, taking the road to Tehran. The keys of the gates having been concealed, Meer Fatha ordered them to be broken open. At the head of the priesthood and principal inhabitants, he proceeded to meet the general, Prince Arristaff, for the purpose of delivering up the town. He was well received: assurances were given him that none but public property would be seized. While the main body advanced, Prince Arristaff, Generals Pankrutaff, Saacken Tchermitmatze, Colonel Mauravioff, chief of the état-major, and various other officers, entered the city by the Constantinople gate, escorted by a body of Uhlans and Cossacks. The arsenal was first visited, and proper measures adopted to secure the stores. Prince Arristaff and his suite then went to the palace, which, previously to their arrival, had been plundered by the Maraud and Nukhsheewann horsemen, aided by the low populace of the city: little else had been left in it but carpets, furniture, and tents; these were of considerable value.—The British flag had been hoisted at the envoy's house: Major Monteith, accompanied by the officers, went at 3 p.m. to wait upon the general at the palace. He received them kindly. Major Monteith informed the general, that although they had orders to quit Tabreez on the approach of the Russian army, yet it had not been possible to leave, from their unexpected advance, and the consequent confusion, which deprived the British officers of the means of doing so; and he hoped the establishment would be treated with consideration. It was further begged that a guard might be sent to the envoy's house, in case any disturbance should arise in the city.—The Russian officers all expressed great surprise that no opposition had been made to their advance on approaching the place. They expected to have had some hard fighting; but, with the exception of the three discharges of artillery, a single grain of powder was not flashed on either side. No walled city of this extent was ever captured with so much ease. The Russians, without the smallest apprehension, move singly about the streets: the inhabitants are all panic-struck, downcast, and preserve the deepest silence.—The infantry and artillery of the army have encamped under the walls opposite the Constantinople gate; the cavalry and irregular horse, on the high ground on this side the Agee; guards have been placed on the defences of that face of the walls; the gateways have been occupied; a battalion has been quartered in the Ark, another at the palace. About sunset, a Major Sultikoff brought a sergeant's guard to Colonel Macdonald's quarters.

Friday, 26th.—Early in the morning I learnt that Ali yar Khan had been taken prisoner. On leaving the city, he fled along the principal avenue which leads to the general route to Tehran. Whether Ali yar Khan did not wish to make his escape, or whether, as generally known, he was fearful of being recognised during the daytime and closely pursued, is uncertain; but before he got clear of the gardens, he sought refuge in the house of Mirza Jabbur, a former confidential mirza of the Sirdar of Eriwan. Unfortunately this man was a connexion of the sons of the late khan of Maraud, who were immediately informed of the place of the assuff's concealment. A party

of Cossacks were sent in haste to secure his person: Count Saachen followed with a few horsemen. Ali yar Khan, finding the house surrounded, attempted to resist, and even fired off his pistols; he was, however, taken without giving or receiving any injury. Beyond doubt he was the chief promoter of the present war; he may probably be also the last person who makes any display of resistance. In either case, he sealed the ruin of his government.—By Mr. Schaumburg we were informed that General Arristaff would receive the British officers at his encampment two hours before mid-day. We accordingly went, and found the infantry and a detachment of dismounted cavalry drawn up in a hollow square, close to their position near the N.W. face of the town: the staff and other groups of officers were assembled within the square, awaiting the appearance of the general. In half an hour General Arristaff walked from his tent to the parade: he proceeded at a quick pace along the front of each battalion, either to congratulate the troops on the capture of Tabreez, or, as is the Russian custom, to ask if they were well. On passing each corps, he was received by an instantaneous acclamation from the ranks. He then took his station in the centre of the square, where a temporary altar had been placed, and a Russian priest stood ready to perform divine service. I believe thanks were offered for the brilliant successes, and, on inquiry, I learnt that mass was performed,—it being the birthday of the empress mother. During the whole time prayers were reading, Aga Meer Fatha, the head Mahometan priest, stood close to the general: the quazees of the city and other moolahs were likewise present, but did not make their appearance till a quarter of an hour after the commencement of the service. They were stationed near Aga Meer Fatha: no particular attention was paid to them: it was remarked by a general that they had come of their own accord. The troops, when prayers were finished, broke into column and marched past. There could not have been more than 2500 infantry under arms, 200 Don Cossacks, 200 of the Caban, and some troops of Uhlans. The behaviour of Prince Arristaff and the Russian officers towards us was extremely courteous and kind. In the evening, the large ruined building within the ark was illuminated by flambeaux placed along its summit.

Saturday, 27th.—The army changed ground to the open space behind the ruined mosque, near the Tehran gate: eight 12-pounders were pointed towards the city. The prince's palace had been pillaged of its furniture before the entry of Prince Arristaff into the city. The property must have been very valuable: in the women's apartments, rich beddings, a quantity of plate, carpets, &c., from deficiency of cattle to transport them, had been left; these had been carried off by the first plunderers, before the general's arrival. He had only a small detachment of Uhlans and Cossacks for his escort: as many of these as could be spared were placed on sentry at the principal entrances. When we visited the palace, none of the pictures of the large hall of audience had been injured; but on the general's return to camp, numbers of the Tabreez people, and I believe some of the Marandees and Nukshahewannees, entered the palace by doorways which had not been secured, or mounted the walls, and committed every excess. The windows in many parts of the building were destroyed, mirrors broken, pictures torn to pieces; and their malignity was carried to such a height, that the eyes of the portraits of the king and prince

were cut out with knives. The depredators were too numerous to be repelled at the moment by the officer on guard, whose party consisted of a very few men. As the work of destruction had begun in the interior of the palace, which is of great extent, the officer was apprised of it by the noise it created: he hastened to prevent the evil, and the wretches took flight, though he was accompanied by only two or three soldiers. The arrival of a battalion prevented further disorders. The Cayim Makums, and the houses of the principal Anauk civil and military servants of the prince, have been likewise plundered by the rabble. These violent proceedings were committed on the day the Russian army arrived. Prince Arristaff and the officers in general express their deep regret at these unavoidable and unexpected occurrences. Many robberies took place last night in the city; the conduct of the Russian troops has, however, been in every respect most orderly and creditable.

[To be continued.]

Paris, March 21.

I YESTERDAY visited the Louvre, where the crowd was so excessive that it was difficult to move. If we are to judge of the ordinary classes here by their love of the *beaux arts*, they are a very superior people to those on the borders of the Thames: perhaps, however, were there more food for the eye in London, ale-houses and boxing-matches might be abandoned for public exhibitions, and idle hours occupied more rationally than they generally are in the English metropolis. The picture of Elizabeth, Reine d'Angleterre, was the grand point of attraction to the gazing multitude. That queen is supposed to have breathed her last, uttering invectives against Lady Nottingham:—vengeance is so strongly marked on her livid countenance, it seems to give life to death. Were any moral to be reaped by thus depicting the horrible ideal, one might become reconciled to M. Laroche lavishing his talents on a subject which creates sensations of disgust rather than of admiration: generally speaking, I believe, portraying our worst passions serves to awake, and not to correct them.

I was much more pleased with the dying scene of Talma: in this painting, life is not quite extinct in the sufferer, and genius seems still to linger over his pale and drawn features; he is surrounded by his friends and relatives, whose countenances express, in a superior degree, that deep interest and anxiety which all experience who witness the agonies of death. In contemplating this group, the most useful lessons may be drawn from it; and though the impressions which are left on the mind are melancholy, yet they are such as reconcile us to death, rather than make us cling to life.

You will be gratified to hear that your young bard, Mr. Lytton Bulwer, is duly appreciated in this country: it must be allowed, no nation is more liberal of praise, where it is merited, than this; and envy, which is the attribute of little minds, seems to be almost unknown amongst men of genius here. Of Mr. Bulwer, they say: "La manière de Bulwer ressemble beaucoup à celle de Byron, mais il l'imité sans le copier; le talent sait rejuvenir comme il sait créer, et l'un n'est ni moins difficile ni moins glorieux que l'autre." The translation of the *Rebel* has already passed through two editions.

Several interesting works are preparing for the press:—l'Histoire des Parlemens, par M. Barante, pair de France; l'Histoire de la Réformation, par Mignet, auteur de l'Histoire de la Révolution Française. These volumes

are awaited with impatience by the literary world, and expectations are raised high as to their merits.

General Segur is also writing a work on the History of Russia, and on Peter the Great and his reign particularly. There is an energy in the style of this author which is peculiarly captivating. Apropos of authors, the French are highly amused at Sir Walter Scott's becoming gardener, or writing on gardening; they say such an undertaking will bring him nothing but *soucis* (a flower which means cares), and that all his *pensées* will wither. M. de Jouy is inundating the public with little *Hermites*: he would do better, were he to confine them to their cells, than throw them at large on the world, whose literary population is already overgrown. The other day he sent his new work, in which there was nothing new, to a lady: the messenger asked for a few sous, as a recompense for his trouble; "Oh, let him keep the volumes," she replied. However, he possesses that happy vanity which will ever lead him to attribute his fallen fame to want of *goût* in critics. M. Lebrun, the author of *Marie Stuart*, Ulysse, and *Le Cid d'Andalousie*, was received the other day at the Academy, having first obtained the king's consent.—So much for vanity! M. Roman Fresnel, architect, has just published a project of high importance, and full of useful views, of which the object is that of establishing houses of refuge for persons liberated from prison, where they may be supplied with work. If this benevolent design can be executed, society, as well as the wretched individuals, will benefit by it; for those unfortunate creatures, generally being despised and rejected, are obliged to seek in fresh crime a means of existence. It is easy to say, "Go, and sin no more;" but no one thinks of providing the means of following the advice; so that from despair, a slight offender often becomes a hardened criminal, less from inclination than necessity.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

STAMMERING.—M. Majendie has lately made an interesting report to the French Academy, from a commission appointed to take into consideration an application from a M. Malbouché, *relative to the cure of stammering. It appears from the report, that a lady of the name of Leigh, an inhabitant of New York, who became a widow at the age of thirty-six, was received with great kindness into the family of a Dr. Yates in that city. One of Dr. Yates's daughters, a girl of eighteen, was violently afflicted with stammering. Mrs. Leigh was anxious to shew her gratitude by endeavouring to diminish this infirmity. After having in vain read all the authors on the subject, she applied herself diligently to the observation of the case, made numerous experiments, and at length devised a system of exercising the organs of speech, which effected a radical cure in the object of her solicitude. She afterwards tried her system on other stammerers; and being uniformly successful, she was encouraged to open an institution at New York for the cure of stammering. Into this institution a hundred and fifty stammerers have been admitted since the year 1825, and have left it cured. The time necessary for a complete cure varies; but its length depends much less on the inveteracy

* An odd name connected with such a subject; although not more so than that of Telfair, which was the name of an individual some years ago resident at Knightsbridge, who undertook the cure of stammering persons.—Ed.

of the complaint, than on the energy and turn of mind of the patient. The longest course of treatment, however, does not exceed six weeks; and it is very common to see the wished-for result obtained in a few days, or even in a few hours. The inventress of the system, desirous of extending it to Europe, confided it to M. Malbouche's brother. By him it was transported to the Netherlands. A commission was appointed by the king to examine it. By this commission a certain number of stammerers were placed under the care of the brothers Malbouche. They were almost all cured; and the king of the Netherlands conferred upon the brothers a proportionate reward. The secret was afterwards purchased by the government; and a distinguished physician was intrusted with it, for the purpose of curing pauper-stammerers; on the sole condition that they should not divulge the means by which they had recovered the free use of their speech. M. Majendie proceeds to state that Mrs. Leigh's method is known in England, where several stammerers have been cured by Dr. Hart. He adds, erroneously, that under the same process Mr. Dugald Stewart was cured of a vice of pronunciation, the result of his advanced age, by Dr. Brewster. We happen to know that it was to Mr. Broster that Mr. Stewart was indebted for that benefit.* Whether or not Mrs. Leigh's and Mr. Broster's systems are identical, we have no means of ascertaining. The report of the French commission closes by describing various cases of stammering which under the eye of the commission had been successfully treated by Mrs. Leigh's method; and by lamenting "that the inventor of the system, mistaking her real interest, and not sufficiently valuing the happiness of being useful to her fellow-creatures, had not thought proper to conform to the honourable practice established in our days, of rendering public every discovery beneficial to humanity."

A NEW THERMOMETER.—A new and very useful instrument has been invented by M. Fourrier, which he calls a thermometer of contact. This instrument ascertains with accuracy the greater or less facility with which heat passes through sheets, or thin plates of different bodies. Every body knows, that on touching different substances maintained at the same temperature, the same calorific impression is not received, in consequence of the different conductivity of those bodies. It is even sufficient to cover those bodies with a thin sheet of paper, sensibly to change the effect of the contact. If, then, on a support kept at a constant temperature,—for example, at that of melting ice,—thin sheets of different substances are successively applied, the simple contact of the naked hand will suffice to class a great number of them according to their order of conductivity. But this method is by no means accurate, and is liable to other inconveniences. M. Fourrier's instrument may be considered as an improved hand, and minutely establishes the facts to which the application of the hand only makes an approximation. It is extremely simple. It consists of a cone of very thin iron, filled with mercury, and termi-

nated at its circular base by a skin of moderate thickness. A thermometer is placed in the mercury. It is this skin which is put on the thin sheet applied to the support. The contact is very intimate, in consequence of its flexibility; and the thermometer indicates the variations of temperature. By this instrument many curious facts have already been ascertained. For instance, it has been shown that the order in which thin sheets of different substances are placed upon one another, influences the quantity of heat which passes through them under the same external circumstances. Thus, the interposition of a sheet of leather facilitates the transmission of heat from the skin to cloth, it does not change it from cloth to cloth, and it obstructs it from cloth to marble.

HEAT.—Numerous experiments have lately been made in France for the purpose of ascertaining the laws regulating the rapidity with which hot air passes through flues, &c. The results appear to be,—first, that flues oppose to the passage of hot air a resistance proportioned to the length of the pipe, the square of the rapidity, and in an inverse ratio to the diameter; secondly, that the co-efficient of friction is not the same with reference to different substances; thirdly, that by narrowing the superior orifice of a flue, the rapidity of the passage of the air through that orifice goes on increasing to a certain limit, which is the rapidity resulting from the pressure that takes place at the inferior end of the pipe; fourthly, that by narrowing the inferior orifice of a flue, the body of air passing through (*la dépense*) diminishes solely in proportion to the diameter of the orifice, and consequently that the rapidity in the orifice itself increases in an inverse ratio to its diameter. The two last results are capable of numerous applications to the useful arts. A strong draught is frequently indispensable. Hitherto only two elements have entered into the estimate of draught;—the height of the chimney, and the temperature of the hot air. To increase the height of a chimney, however, is always attended with considerable expense; and it cannot be heightened indefinitely; and to increase the temperature of the hot air costs much fuel. It now appears that the diameter of the chimney is also a powerful element in draught; limited, when the superior orifice is fixed; indefinite, when it is not so; and this element costs very little expense.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

CAMBRIDGE, March 29.—At the congregation on Friday last, a grace passed the senate to appoint the Rev. W. Whewell, M.A. Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Professor of Mineralogy, in the room of the Rev. J. S. Henslow, now Professor of Botany.

At the above congregation the following degrees were conferred:—

Master of Arts.—Rev. J. T. Bennett, St. Peter's College. M. A. Inceptors.—J. Challis, T. Riddell, Fellows; E. Johnson, Rev. W. Goode, C. W. Bollaerts, Trinity College; Rev. J. H. Pooley, Fellow, Rev. H. Cleveland, Rev. F. C. B. Earle, St. John's College; Rev. E. Ventris, St. Peter's College; Rev. B. W. Barton, Fellow of Pembroke College; Rev. J. Graham, Fellow of Queen's College; Rev. S. W. Waud, Fellow of Magdalen College; J. G. Cross, Downing College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—Rev. W. Fenn, Catharine Hall.

FINE ARTS.

MONUMENT TO GEORGE III.

New calls wipe out old calls; and, unhappily, the opportunities given for the feelings of the public, of late years, to express themselves by subscriptions to funeral monuments have been too frequent. But though too many claims have

arisen from the grave to sanctify the last cold debt of national admiration and gratitude, we will not believe that the memory of our revered George III. is likely to be unhalloed. The subscription for a public monument to him was brought forward some years ago: certain occurrences led to a division of sentiment as to the most proper mode of carrying into effect the wishes of his people. This, unfortunately, marred the original proposal; and in consequence of the interruption occasioned by difference of opinion, the whole design slept for a season. There was, however, a considerable fund collected, and more subscribed which had not been called for. Under these circumstances, several gentlemen (of the original committees), who had embarked heartily in the first proposition, and who felt that a few years ought not to, nor did not, cast oblivion over the affections of his subjects for their late king,—after various conferences and arrangements of considerable difficulty, procured a general meeting of subscribers, last Wednesday, at which Lord Kenyon presided. The discussion which arose was very various; but the result, under his lordship's intelligent and judicious inquisitorial auspices, was extremely satisfactory.

It was confessed that the plan for a very grand National Monument was not likely to be carried into execution.* But the realised fund amounted to above 3000*l.*, independent of nearly as much unpaid subscriptions; and it was agreed, that upon realising the total, (without reckoning on the receipt of all that had been subscribed,) a proposition might be submitted to the subscribers generally, for a very gratifying appropriation of the fund. Resolutions were entered into to this effect. For our parts, we are free to say, having had cognisance of this proposal from its commencement, having seen the causes which led to its blight in the first instance, and having witnessed its promising resuscitation, it is our opinion that it will yet certainly reach a prosperous issue. That the committee appointed at this general meeting will be able to report to the next assembly of the same kind, (aptly fixed by the noble chairman for the 4th day of June,) the possession of a sufficient fund for the erection of a memorial worthy of public favour, we have no reason to doubt; but we would fain hope that the design will not be suffered to stop here. One word from our Monarch would make the (perhaps) 5000*l.* to be applied, many times that amount; and we should witness a superb work of art, entirely worthy of the virtues of George III., the filial affection of his successor, the love of a loyal people, and the genius of the age in which we live. Should this hope be disappointed, it is, at any rate, pleasing to know, that the subscription will enable the subscribers to erect, in some obvious situation, and not unworthy of taste, an upright figure of their upright King.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET.

No. 87. The Monkey Connoisseur. W. Kidd.

—The pictures of this artist are always full of humour; his colouring is brilliant and clear, and his pencil facile; but we wish he had not been infected with the present rage for monkey-painting. It is carried to an absurd length.

* The first design was a triumphal car, with his Majesty, drawn by four horses; the cost of which would have reached something near to 30,000*l.* One of the horses was modelled by Mr. Matthew Wyatt, by whom the plan was set on foot—and the car still remains, being, beyond question, (as unanimously conceded by amateurs of art as well as judges of the form of this noble animal), the finest specimen of it that either ancient or modern sculpture ever produced. It is, indeed, a splendid performance.

* Some of the cures performed by this gentleman, now a resident in Cadogan Place, Sloane Street, have come within our personal knowledge, and are instances of extraordinary success in this difficult undertaking. We have a pamphlet by Mr. Broster, on the subject, before us, to which this statement from Paris will induce us to pay early attention, for the benefit of our fellow-creatures afflicted with the painful affection of which it treats.—Ed.

We have mischievous monkeys, meditating monkeys, political monkeys, boxing monkeys, medical monkeys, patient monkeys, military monkeys, drunken monkeys, cockcomb monkeys, watchmen monkeys, artist monkeys.—In short, as Shylock says, "a whole wilderness of monkeys." When will it be felt that there is, as the old saying has it, "too much of the monkey in this."

No. 154. *The Fire-King*. D. T. Egerton.—Mr. Egerton has again visited the marvellous and supernatural world; and in this, and No. 441, *The Water-King*, has shewn a powerful imagination. As a variety in an exhibition, such works as these are occasionally very advantageous; but they may be too frequently repeated.

No. 30. *The Flight; from the Jealous Wife*. T. Clater.—Although not directly a scene from the comedy, the idea is derived from it. The costume and character of Old Courteous are well applied; and the story is happily told. Brilliant in colouring, and spirited in execution, this highly finished cabinet picture ranks among the best works of its class.

No. 175. *The Love-Tale*. J. Wood.—How the tale is told, we do not readily perceive—that must be left to the imagination: how it is painted, all may see;—in our opinion, beautifully. It is evidently the wish of this artist to unite the classic in character with the gay in colour. We think, however, that in No. 435. *Female Friendship*, draped figures would have been better: ladies don't sit and chat naked in modern times, or in Europe.

No. 51. "*Massa out; Sambo werry dry!*" H. Pidding.—A good thought, beautifully executed. The gleam of light, however, though well and deceptively painted, we do not think very advantageous to the picture. It is eccentric rather than useful.

No. 195. *Dry Reading*. J. Knight.—Whatever the reading may be, there is nothing dry in the painting, which we may safely pronounce to be one of Mr. Knight's best productions, as well as one of the best imitations that we have seen of the Flemish school.

No. 331. *Children in the Wood*, from a *Sketch of the late Miss Spilsbury*. Miss E. F. Dagley.—It was but the other day that we gave just praise to one of the productions of Miss Dagley's pen, and we have now the same gratifying duty to perform with reference to one of the productions of her pencil. This is a very pleasing and unaffected little picture. Frequently as the subject has been painted, we do not recollect that we ever saw it treated with more simplicity, and truth of expression and character.

No. 99. "*Oimè Santa Maria*." J. Holmes.—Catastrophes like this pictured accident of the poor Italian boy, too often excite mirth instead of commiseration; but that is no fault of the painter's: he does not desire you to "laugh at calamity," or "mock when disaster cometh;" he must avail himself of any incident that gives him an opportunity of shewing his skill; and must paint things, not as they ought to be, but as they are. We think that Mr. Holmes has been very successful in this performance: more so than an imitation we once witnessed of his pictorial catastrophe. One of these wandering Italian artists in the street towards nightfall had his whole tray of juvenile modelling smashed to pieces; whether by accident or as a last resource against the ill success of his day, we cannot tell, but he was crying most piteously. Such distress could not fail to excite compassion and draw forth relief: many pence, and even some silver, soon dried the

tears of the forlorn foreigner, and he trudged away either to re-enact the scene elsewhere (for it is not an uncommon one), or to enjoy the fruits of his ingenuity. But what amused us was the conduct of a spectator; a ragged, dirty, little rascal, who was selling, from a box, flints for tinder and other domestic purposes. We thought there was something curious in his manner, and watched the result. He stopped awhile till the street had new passengers, when he dashed all his box of flints upon the pavement, and began to weep as if he was utterly ruined. But, alas! the imitation, like most imitations, failed: the mob laughed, and, by and by, the beadle came and whipped the miserable urchin out of the place, who gathered up his flint-stones, that would not break like "imashes," and departed, but not in peace.

No. 56. *The Mask*. W. Gill.—A little gem; perfectly depicting infantile mirth on the one hand, and infantile fear on the other. The thought is not new; but it was never better expressed.

No. 57. *Dead Game*. B. Blake.—It is a pity that this beautiful and skilfully executed cabinet picture has not a clearer back-ground. We are no admirers of mechanical flatness, either in painting or in engraving; but the spottiness of the back-ground in this otherwise fine work is very injurious, and destroys all repose.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

His Most Gracious Majesty King George the Fourth. Engraved by W. Say, from a Picture by J. Northcote, Esq. R.A. Sams.

THE general effect of this print is pleasing and powerful: we are not quite so well satisfied with the details. The original painting (evidently suggested by Vandyke's fine equestrian portrait of Charles the First) is now exhibiting at the Gallery of the British Artists, in Suffolk Street. By the by, the horse is the horse of King Charles at Charing Cross.

The King's Court of Trinity College. Engraved by H. Le Keux, from a Drawing by F. Mackenzie.

A BEAUTIFUL architectural print. It does equal credit to the talents of the designer and to those of the engraver.

Odds and Ends; from the Portfolio of an Amateur. No. I. B. Stewart.

AMUSING trifles; the first attempts, we understand, of a young etcher.

The British Preserver; drawn and etched by J. Howitt. No. III. T. Griffiths, and R. Jennings.

THE present number contains "Wood Grouse," "Bustard," "Coot and Moorhen," and "Rabbit." They are all represented with great fidelity. Considered as works of art, the last-mentioned plate is our favourite.

Retch's Shakespeare.—Of this German illustration of our immortal bard, produced by Ernst Fleischer of Leipzig, the first No. (*Hamlet*) is announced for immediate publication. It has been our good fortune to see a magnificent copy intended for presentation to the highest quarter in this kingdom; and though not an object for remark, it is undoubtedly one for intelligence. The style in which it is got up is splendid even for royalty; and besides the spirit of the designs, there is extraordinary mechanical taste and novelty displayed in executing the accessory parts. The etchings

(seventeen, we believe) are double; 1st, on paper; and 2d, on that kind of enamel of which we have heretofore spoken in describing gold, silver, and other metallic printing or engraving, now no longer a novelty in London, as we receive cards in that style almost as frequently as in plain paper and ink. The designs are replete with characteristics which might be expected from the illustrator of the *Faust* and *Fridolin*; the conceptions throughout are highly poetical. As for their antiquarian correctness, whether in architecture, costume, or arms, we beg to deliver no opinion; but their merit is of a more imaginative and impressive order. Several of the scenes are indeed wonderfully fine; and we rejoice to find Shakespeare so felt and understood in a foreign land.

Having alluded to the typographical ornaments, we have to specify printing in gold and silver letters; but in this splendid copy these have been coloured and shaded by the hand, and a surprising effect produced. We are not, however, behind the Continent in this branch of art; for we have on our table at this moment some exquisite specimens of the skill of Messrs. Howlett and Brimmer. Their cards in gold and ruby intermingled are very tasteful; but the most wonderful display of their art is an edition of Pope's *Messiah*, so exquisitely finished in that manner, that we can convey no notion of its beauty, and must tell our readers to procure it as a curiosity.

MR. HOBDAV'S GALLERY, FALM MALL.

OUR *Gazette* of the 15th of March gave notice of a valuable acquisition about to be made to this collection of modern art, from the pencil of Thos. Stothard, Esq. R.A. The paintings consist of the *Shakespeare Characters*, the *Canterbury Pilgrims* (painted as a companion to the *Characters*), the *Deserted Village*, and a *Titian-like composition of Diana and Nymphs*. To these are added two pictures from the pencil of Morland; one of them, a *Study of Pigs*, painted for the Morland Gallery of the late J. R. Smith, which may be considered a *chef d'œuvre* of this artist; and an *Interior* by the same.

In the four paintings by Stothard will be seen the united powers of his varied and fascinating pencil, comprehending the first qualities in art, grace, humour, and pathos. It may be remarked, that in no instance of his practice does it appear, that a more suitable subject could have occurred to this artist than that of the *Shakespeare Characters*, for bringing these qualities into view: accordingly we find in this performance all that can allure in the gaiety of Comedy, and all that can affect the mind in the terrific of Tragedy; the whole presenting an harmonious and graduated scale of emotions and passions, from their lightest to their deepest tone. Belonging to the same collection are some choice drawings by Girtin, Turner, Owen, Dawkins, Havell, &c.; among them, a *Cottage* by Girtin, a *Swiss View* by Turner, and a *Calm* by Owen, are examples of the highest excellence in water-colour painting.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LOST FEELINGS.

WEEP not because our beauty wears
Beneath the wings of Time,
And age contracts the brow with cares
That once was raised sublime!
Weep not because the beamless eye
No dumb delight can speak;
And fresh and fair no longer lie
Joy-tints upon the cheek.

No! weep not that the ruin-trace
Of wasting Time is seen
Around the form, and in the face,
Where beauty's bloom has been.

But weep the inward wreck we feel,
As hoary years depart;
And Time's effacing fingers steal
Young feelings from the heart!

Those joyous thoughts that rise and spring
From out the buoyant mind—
Like summer bees upon the wing,
Or echoes on the wind.

The hopes that waken every hour,
Like blossoms from a soul,
Where sorrow sheds no blighting power,
And care has no control.

And all the rich enchantment thrown
On life's fair scene around,
As if the world within a zone
Of happiness were bound.

Oh! these endure a mournful doom,
As day by day they die—
Till age becomes a barren tomb,
Where wither'd feelings lie!

R. MONTGOMERY.

London, March 31, 1838.

THE SKY.

"The sky we look up to, though glorious and fair,
Is looked up to the more because heaven is there."

Moore.

FAIR sky! what hast thou in the time of
spring?

Birds borne along on the joyous wing,
Feathery clouds and fleeting showers,
Odours breathed up from the fresh-blown
flowers;

Echoes of voices and song on earth,
Of the child's light laugh and the peasant's
mirth,

Blue gleams bright from the sun-ray's kiss,
And trembling as if with excess of bliss.

And what is thine in the summer eve,
When the full bright sun hath taken his leave?
Clouds that are rich as young Hope's dreams,
Rainbow colouring and amber beams,
Flashes of crimson glory growing,
Like a maiden's blush, more intensely glowing,
Beneath the ardent gazer's view,
Purple twilight and fragrant dew.

What hast thou in the depth of night?
Grandeur, and beauty; and calm moonlight,
Stars—bright stars, on their thrones on high,
Making their voiceless melody;
Prayers sent up from the sleepless bed,
Sounds of the weary sentinel's tread,
Murmurs from forests by light winds stirred,
And sweet, sweet music from night's own bird.

What is below thee? A land of sin,
Where Sorrow and Death have entered in;
Where tears have darkened the brightest eyes,
And the rosiest lip breathes forth sad sighs;
Where the sunny curls blanché with the hand
of Time,

And the purest spirits are tinged with crime;
Where the flowers, and the trees, and the birds,
must die,
And all things tell of mortality.

What is beyond thee? A world where the
power

Of Time cannot wither a single flower;
Where the earthy stains of our human clay
In the streams of mercy are washed away;
Where there comes not a shade o'er the tran-
quil brow,

And the voice never sounds in one tone of wo.

Fair sky! we forget half our sorrow and care,
When we gaze upon thee, and think heaven is
there.

MARY ANN BROWNE.*

Elms, Maidenhead.

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

DRURY LANE FUND.—Of the anniversary of this most meritorious fund, the best memorial we can keep is, that nearly 1500*l.* was produced by it. Owing to the bodily indisposition of the Duke of Clarence, and the not bodily indisposition of the Duke of Sussex, the chair was taken, and its duties well discharged, by Lord Normanby.

Messrs. Cooper and Harley entitled themselves to more than dramatic praise, by their addresses on the occasion, where the interests of their less fortunate brethren were concerned; and what with song and sentiment, no entertainment of above three hundred strong could have been more acceptable. The newspapers have given the Duke of St. Albans a speech about his lady, which he did not deliver; but there was no harm in embellishing a point, about distributing the wealth earned from industry, in favour of the necessitous of that profession to which the duchess had belonged.

MUSIC.

ORATORIOS.

THE Oratorios closed for the season on Friday in last week; the pit, as on a former evening, being literally crowded, and the house in every part very well filled. If the object of music (like the sister arts) be to please generally, we have no reason to find fault with the management for introducing a variety of styles, adapted to different tastes, as by such means that end is more likely to be attained. Thus for those who love the marvellous and imaginative in instrumental effect, there was Weber's overture to Oberon. For those who are gratified only by what is truly solid and scientific in vocal and instrumental music combined, Mozart's second grand motetto: the scene from Handel's Oratorio of Israel in Egypt, and the Hallelujah from Beethoven's Mount of Olives, might delight the most fastidious, both with respect to the music and the performance: and the admirers of the Italian Opera might be gratified by Pasta, Brambilla, Madame Feron, and Signor De Begnis, who were each excellent in their respective departments.

We must notice, as an honour to our modern English school of composition, Bishop's battle of the angels, from Milton, which Mr. Braham sung in his best style. There were also various pleasing songs and ballads, &c. well executed by Miss Hughes, Miss Shirreff, Miss Love, and Mr. Horncastle. Miss Hughes was much more successful in the ballad, "Over sea and over mountains," than in the "Soldier tired." Miss Grant, like most of the pupils of the Royal Academy, sings Italian better than English, and was admirable in the recitative and aria, "Ah! compir," by Guglielmi, which Mr. Mori accompanied sweetly on the violin. Mr. Labarre again performed on the harp, and was very justly applauded.

* A new volume of poetry, entitled *Ada*, &c. from the pen of this young and accomplished female, is on the eve of publication. It is not to bespeak favour, that we mention the age of seventeen; but surely it is a thing of much promise; and, consequently, that which suits not for generosity or liberality, but commands the cherishing of justice. Not having seen a line of this particular work, we speak upon general principles—and are not injudiciously deprecating indulgence for what (perhaps) needs none.

NEW MUSICAL FUND DINNER.

THE annual dinner of the members and friends of this Fund was held on Monday last, at the Freemasons' Tavern, his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex in the chair.

The music, under the direction of Sir G. Smart, went off exceedingly well; Miss Hughes honoured the company by singing from the ladies' gallery; Signor Huerta performed admirably on the guitar, producing almost the effect of a whole orchestra, and was particularly happy in imitating the kettle-drums, by beating on the sounding board. Master Burke performed an air, with variations, on the violin, and sung a comic song; and several good glees were performed by professors of eminence:—the whole forming an excellent prelude to the superb concert to be held on Thursday next at the King's Theatre, for the benefit of the charity.

THE MELODISTS' CLUB had a grand meeting on Thursday, at which his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex was present, and a perfect galaxy of the highest musical talent in the country, foreign as well as native. The company were about 150 in number, and the gallery was filled with fair auditors. The health of the royal visitor was drank with acclamations, for which his Royal Highness returned thanks, and proposed the chairman, W. Mudford, Esq., which was also received with great applause. Mr. Mudford, having expressed his acknowledgments, his Royal Highness consented to become an honorary member of the club; the whole number of which (forty) is now filled up. Songs, glees, and every variety of vocal and instrumental music, completed the enjoyments of this social and harmonious entertainment.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

WE purpose taking a hasty survey of the performances exhibited at this theatre up to Easter. On the whole, the present management has been very active and praiseworthy. The season commenced on the 12th of January, with the presentation of Mayerbeer's *Margherita d'Anjou*, introducing Caradori and the dark-eyed Brambilla. To this succeeded, for a single night, as a make-shift, *Tancredi*, displaced on the Tuesday by *Zelmira*, with the great Pasta. Two nights after, *Otello* was produced; and during the interregnum of preparation, the *Margherita* ennuyed a Tuesday's audience. On Saturday the 10th February, *La Rosa Bianca et Rosa Rossa* was for the first time represented, and unequivocally received. It ran for three nights. *Tancredi* again for a single evening. Madame Schutz next made her *début*, in Mozart's *Clemenza*; and either she or the opera were too good or too bad, since both were shelved. *Otello* and *Tancredi* were next alternately played; followed by *Il Crociato*, to introduce Pasta in Velluti's former part. This, notwithstanding much puffing, failed; and up to the present period, *Tancredi*, *Otello*, or the *Clemenza*, have been given in its stead. We hope for better things hereafter.

The ballets have been in number four or five: *Hassan et le Calife*, *Le Sicilien ou l'Amour Peintre*, and *Philis et Mélébée*, with others: the dancing in these is for the most part unexceptionably excellent—perhaps a little too French. What could be desired better, in

* We have heard, as a reason for this, that Pasta, who had before demanded a rest for three weeks, immediately came forward and demanded to run through all her best characters.

their way, than such people as Anatole Albert, Brocard, Gosselin, and Le Comte? The dresses and costume were in many instances (*Le Calife* in particular,) superb. Let us, however, beg to be indulged with a showy spectacle after Easter.

So, the glorious Sontag is arrived, or is arriving!—for at the moment of writing we are uncertain. This is as it should be,—deserves, and will meet with, encouragement. What houses! Now could the two stars, Pasta and she (the fairest *Sunday* in the year), be induced to shine in the same hemisphere, or, more vulgarly, to act together—what a treat! We trust this is not physically impossible.

ADELPHI.

On Saturday last, this well-conducted theatre closed its season, which has been one productive of continual novelty and much entertainment and attraction in the different moods of the gay and the graver muse. The performances were *Presumptive Evidence*, the *Scapegrace*, and *London and Paris*: the first an excellent sample of deep-wrought interest; and the last two as fair specimens of the humorous and comic. Having, when these and other pieces were brought out, done justice to their merits and to the merits of the principal actors Mr. and Mrs. Yates, Terry, Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. Daly, T. P. Cooke, Reeve, Wilkinson, Buckstone, Benson Hill, and Gallott, we shall now only repeat that Mr. Hill has been gradually increasing that good understanding with the public which is so essential to the development of a performer's talents, and consequently so essential to his success;—and that Mr. Gallott, taking several parts in the first instance assigned to others, has displayed much versatility and ability. For Mrs. Yates, always charming, gracefully feminine, and elegant, even in casts which might seem to defy these engaging qualities, we had on this occasion a substitute in Miss Curtis, who played *Lady Volatile*. It must be confessed, that she *boyed* it with as much modesty and decorum as was possible; but appearances were very largely against her; and as critics we may observe, without any breach of courtesy, that at her exit from the stage, she will not leave her equal behind. Indeed she far surpassed the lady she succeeded, in one part of her performance. At the end of the second piece, Yates, in a clever address, alluded to the small size of the theatre, and, with great truth, as the audience of this evening could testify, to the magnitude of some of its productions. He hoped its merit, and other admirable qualifications, were not to be measured by the space of the stage; and the loud applauses with which his speech was received, proved how heartily the public acknowledged the pleasure it had received from his exertions. His own single-handed *Monopolylogue*, of which we hear a very favourable report, was announced for after Easter.

VARIETIES.

Quantovic.—A memoir by M. Boucher, of Abbeville, on the position of the ancient port of Quantovic, which was destroyed by the Normans, in the year 842, has been lately sent to the French Academy, and referred to the Committee of Publication.

The Grand Concert at Guildhall, which we mentioned in a preceding Number, took place on Saturday last, instead of Thursday, levee-day. It was fully attended, and the produce, for a very benevolent purpose, was, we rejoice to state, considerable.

Christianity.—At the last general meeting of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, the board agreed to place at the disposal of his grace the Lord Archbishop of Armagh the sum of £1,000 for the purpose of promoting Christian knowledge in Ireland. In connexion with this subject, we understand that Messrs. Rivington and Co. intend to publish the discourse which was delivered, in August last, by the Rev. Stephen Chisolm, at the Trinity Church, Cheltenham, on the subject of the late distresses, and the diffusion of Christian knowledge, in Ireland.

Earthquake.—On the 15th of November last, at six o'clock in the evening, a shock was felt in the town of Popayan, about eighty leagues from the capital of Colombia, which was immediately followed by an undulatory motion, that lasted three or four minutes. The direction of this motion was from the S.E. to N.W. During the whole night the earth was sensibly affected, and every forty or fifty minutes a shock, more or less violent, took place. At three quarters after eleven in the morning, these shocks became so frequent and irresistible, that a large part of the town was destroyed. Several shocks afterwards occurred, until at length they were terminated by an eruption of lava, which burst forth from the neighbouring volcanic mountain of Purace, and which swept away several villages through which it passed.

Ruins of the Brunswick Theatre.—A small view of these ruins, on stone, by B. Dixie, may be mentioned among our Varieties as one of the means for preserving a memorial of this unfortunate event.

Mr. James Sadler.—This veteran aeronaut, a man of great courage and enterprise, as well as of talent and intelligence, died last week at his native place, Oxford, aged 73. We were well acquainted with Mr. Sadler for a number of years, and can speak of him as a modest and unassuming man, full of enthusiasm in a pursuit not so common at his day as it afterwards became; and though not so fortunate as he deserved, yet as well deserving of the esteem and respect of the world as if he had been more prosperous.

Death of Young Park.—We lament to see it stated that this interesting individual has become another victim to African enterprise. A letter from Cape Coast Castle to Mr. Secretary Hay, announces that he died in the Akimbo country, a little to the south-east of Accoa, some time in October. This melancholy event, we are sorry to learn, was produced by a want of due consideration on the part of our countryman; for it is related, that on the occasion of the annual festival or *gam custom*, which the natives were assembled on a large plain to celebrate,—he would not be dissuaded by the king from mounting a *fetich*, or sacred tree, for the purpose of sketching the scene. The consequence of this profanation was, that within two days he was poisoned by the marabouts or priests.

Botany.—Experiments recently made seem to shew that the pollen of plants, so far from having any analogy (as hitherto supposed) to spermatic animalcules, is not even composed of organic bodies.

Athens.—M. Fauvel, formerly the French consul at Athens, and of whom Lord Byron speaks so honourably in his notes to *Childe Harold*, now lives at Smyrna. He is distinguished by various important discoveries in archaeology, and still more by the recollection of the signal services which he rendered to the artists and other travellers who visited Athens. When the Greek revolution broke out, M. Fauvel had inhabited Athens for forty years.

Compelled to quit his peaceful retreat, he left behind him a cabinet of objects of art which he had passed his life in collecting; and which no doubt have since been destroyed, either by the carelessness of the Greeks, or by the barbarity of the Turks. His mind and his imagination are constantly returning to his beloved Athens; and at the age of eighty-five he is busy in completing a model in wax of the Acropolis, the town, and the suburbs; which will be unique as regards the finish of the execution, and the perfect accuracy of the details.—*Foreign Journal*.

African Coast.—The powerful currents on the western coast of Africa, and especially near the Canaries, are the cause of frequent shipwrecks. A hundred and sixty passengers, embarked in a vessel bound for Chili, but wrecked off the coast of the desert of Sahara, were lately miraculously saved from falling into the hands of the savage people who inhabit that inhospitable region, by the sudden appearance of some European ships; a rare occurrence in those latitudes.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Salmonia, or *Dialogues on Fly-fishing*, by an Angler, are announced for early publication. We understand that these are a series of colloquies after the manner, to a certain extent, of Isaac Walton, the composition of which has formed the occupation and entertainment of the leisure hours of Sir Humphrey Davy, since his retirement from the chair of the Royal Society; and we have heard, that the drawings from the baronet's pencil are eminently beautiful. It has always been known, that Sir Humphrey Davy mingled the worship of the lighter muses with that of "Divine Philosophy;" and we expect much gratification from these *Essays*, as well as their graphic accompaniments.

The Life and Correspondence, Public and Private, of the late Marquess of Londonderry, are, it is said, in preparation for the next publishing season.

Mr. Moore has, we hear, gathered so many diaries and letters, that his *Memoir of Lord Byron* is likely to turn out all but an auto-biography.—*Tant mieux*.

The Second Series of the *Chronicles of the Canongate* are progressing. "The Fair Maid of Perth" being one of the *Tales*,—of a volume, as we have heard. Some smaller *Tales*, intended for this series, we are informed, Sir Walter has consigned to the Annual *Keepsake*, "for a con-sid-er-a-tion."

Mr. Frost has announced a course of Lectures on Botany at the Argyll Rooms, in the beginning of May. No. 1. of a new Magazine, to be called the *Gentleman's Magazine of Fashions*, &c. is about to appear.

In the Press.—A Picturesque Tour of the River Thames, from its Source to the Mouth, forming a companion work to the *Tours of the Rhine, the Seine, and the Ganges*; to appear in six monthly parts, each containing four coloured prints, in imitation of the drawings by William Westall, with descriptive letter-press.—*The Life and Times of Francis the First of France*.—The Second Series of *The Romance of History*, to comprise *Tales illustrative of the romantic annals of France, from the reign of Charlemagne to that of Louis XIV. inclusive*.—*Characters in the Grand Fancy Ball given by the British Ambassador, Sir Henry Wellesley, at Vienna, at the conclusion of the Carnival 1836*, in thirteen coloured plates, with a description of the entertainments on that occasion.—*Observations on Geographical Projections*, with a description of a Georama, by M. Delanglard, member of the Geographical Society of Paris, and inventor and constructor of the Georama there.—*The First Lines of Philosophical and Experimental Chemistry*, by Mr. J. S. Forsyth; and *The First Lines of Analytical and Experimental Mineralogy*, by the same author.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Wilson's Travels in Russia, 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 4s. bds.—*Macaulay's Medical Dictionary*, 8vo. 14s. bds.—*The Head-Piece and Helmet*, 18mo. 4s. bds.—*A Hundred Years Hence*, 18mo. 6s. bds.—*Bridge's Roman Empire under Constantine the Great*, 8vo. 12s. bds.—*Beaufoy's Mexican Illustrations*, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—*Hansard's Parliamentary Debates*, 1828, Part 1, 5s. sewed.—*The Roué*, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 1s. 6d. bds.—*Archdeacon Parry's Sermons*, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—*The Holy Week*, 12mo. 5s. bds.—*Davis's Hints to Hearers*, 18mo. 5s. 6d. bds.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To A. D.—We do not like polemics. We are not acquainted with Mr. Don's address: we dare say it may be found in any Directory. *Essays*.—In our last No., notice of the King's Theatre, for "Richeraud," read "Micheraud;" and for "Pesarne" read "Pisaroni." Our Opera Critic writes a hand no better than a Dancing-master's; and our Devils hate him worse.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.

The Nobility, Friends, and Subscribers, are respectfully informed, that the Thirtieth Anniversary Festival will be celebrated in Peasepocket Hall, on Friday, the 20th instant.

The Right Hon. LORD GRANHAM in the Chair.

Stewards.

Night Hon. the Earl of Aberdeen, Esq.
Right Hon. Viscount Goswold, Esq.
Right Hon. Lord Farnborough, Esq.
Robert Armstrong, Esq.
F. L. Chantrey, Esq. R.A.
Henry Corbould, Esq.
J. P. Gandy Deering, Esq.
A. R. A.
Joseph Downey, Esq.
William Grieve, Esq.
J. D. Harding, Esq.
William Holday, Esq.

Dinner on Table at five o'clock.

The Vocal Department, under the direction of Mr. Broadhurst, assisted by Mr. R. H. the Duke of Gloucester's Military Band. Tickets (including Wine), 10s. each, may be had of the Stewards; the Assistant-Secretary, 14, Duke Street, Portland Place; and at Peasepocket Tavern.

W. J. ROPER, Assistant-Secretary.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.

The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists is open daily, from Ten in the Morning till Five in the Evening.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY. The

Society of British Artists. The Fifth Annual Exhibition of the Works of Living British Artists is now open daily, from Nine till Six.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.

Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.

J. CARTWRIGHT, Secretary.

NORTHERN ACADEMY, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

For the Promotion of the Fine Arts in the North of England. The splendid New Rooms now erected expressly for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of Living Artists will receive Pictures for the first Annual Exhibition, immediately after the close of the present Exhibition at the British Gallery.

EDWARD E. SWINNEY, Secy. Esq. President.
THOMAS M. RICHARDSON, Treasurer.
HENRY F. PARKER, Secretary.

Northern Academy of Arts, Blackett Street, near Eldon Square, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Feb. 14, 1853.

* Artists wishing to send Pictures, may have every information necessary respecting the conveyance of Pictures, which will be paid by the Society from and to London, if sent by sea; by letter, addressed to the Secretary as above.

* Pictures properly packed, and sent by sea, have invariably arrived safe during the last six years, than those sent by land.

EASTER WEEK. MR. HAYDON'S

Pictures of the Mock Election, Alexander and Diogenes, Venus and Anselmus, Chalk Drawings, and other Works, are now open, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 6d.
* There has been no such week as the "Mock Election" since Hogarth.—Literary Gazette.

MR. CIPRIANI POTTER has the honour

to announce the Nobility and Gentry, that his Morning Concert will take place at the Argyle Rooms, on Wednesday, the 14th of May.

Vocal Performers already engaged.
Madame Casard, Miss Pater, Signor Curioni, Mr. Sapio, Signor De Bagnis, Signor Pellegrini.

Mr. Potter will perform two new Compositions, written expressly for this occasion, viz. a Concerto, with a Rondo, "à la Chaconne," Introduction and Rondo, "à la Militaire," with Orchestral Accompaniment.

Leader, Signor Spagnoliotti.
The Orchestra will be complete in every department, selected from the Philharmonic, Opera, and Royal Academy of Music.

Tickets, 10s. 6d. each. To be had of Mr. Potter, and all the principal Music-shops.

* The Concert to commence at half-past One.

EDUCATION COMPLETED. A Lady,

in compliance with the wishes of her Friends, who are pleased to express their warm approbation of her System and Arrangements (the successful result of much experience), addresses herself publicly, for the first time, to the Parents and Guardians of Young Ladies, whose Education, though far advanced, may be still incomplete, in order to be able to be treated as Members of one Family, their Health is anxiously watched over, the plan adopted ensures their daily advancement in Knowledge and the Accomplishments of refined Society, and Habits of Neatness and Order are promoted, while the conscientious discharge of duty becomes inseparable from their happiness. The situation is not surpassed in salubrity by any other at an equal distance from the Metropolis.

References of real respectability are indispensable. Apply, by letter, post-paid, to C. D., Mr. Whitaker's, Ave Maria Lane.

This day is published, price 3s.: India paper, 5s. No. 1. of a Series of Etchings, entitled,

ODDS AND ENDS, from the Portfolio of an

Amateur. Contains—

1. "O who would inhabit this black world alone?"
2. A Picture.
3. Verses and Poems.
4. The Apothecary on Horseback.

Published by Basil Montagu, 7th, Chancery.

On the 1st of May will be published, dedicated, by permission, to Her Majesty, the Princess Sophia, a Print of

REBELS SHOOTING PRISONER.

Engraved by J. Rogers from a Picture by Mr. T. Webster. Prints 10s. 6d. each, on French paper, 12s.; proof on India paper, 20s.; before the letters, 15s.

Published by J. Rogers, 11, Clarendon Square; and Colnaghi, 105, Strand.

N.B. The Etching of Rebels Defeated, a Companion, may be seen at the Publishers.

This day is published, price 10s. 6d. boards, with Maps and Engravings.

MEXICAN ILLUSTRATIONS, founded

upon Facts; indicative of the Present Condition of Society, Manners, Religion, and Morals, among the Spanish and Native Inhabitants of Mexico; with Observations upon the Government and Resources of the Republic of Mexico, as they appeared during part of the Years 1825, 1826, and 1827. Interpersed with occasional Remarks upon the Climate, Produce, and Antiquities of the Country. Made of Working the Mines, &c. By MARK BEAUFORT, late of the Coldstream Guards.

London: Carpenter and Son, Old Broad Street.

Published this day, price 7s. 6d.

THE EDINBURGH NEW PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

Conducted by Professor JAMES HAMILTON.

Containing, with other Subjects connected with the Sciences and the Arts—Observations on the Large Brown Murret of North Wales—Account of Excavations lately made at Pompeii—Sketch of the Natural History of the Salmon—On the Temperature of the Interior of Scotland—On the Progress of the History of the Swallow and the Partridge—On the Domestication of Mammoth Animals—On the Constitution of Benefit Societies—Sketch of the Geology of the Fens—Proposition for Constructing a Large Refractory Telescope—Description of an Improved Air Pump, &c. &c.

Printed for Adam Black, Edinburgh; and Longman and Co. London.

Also, published as above.

The Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal.

No. XCV. price 6s.

Preparing for publication.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA.

A New Edition, including the Supplement.

This Encyclopedia is well known to render it necessary for its Proprietors, in announcing their intention to publish a new edition of it, to say any thing either as to the excellence of its plan, the solidity of its basis, or the usefulness of its contents. The General Repository of Human Knowledge. The public opinion in its favour has been unequivocally pronounced. It has already passed through six editions, and its popularity, instead of suffering any diminution from rivalry, has continued to increase to the present day.

A detailed Prospectus of the Seventh Edition will, in due time, be laid before the public; and the Proprietors expect, with some confidence, that this edition will be received with still higher approbation than any of its predecessors. In it the work will be greatly amended; the omission of no antiquated articles; and by such alterations and additions as may be necessary either to improve its accuracy, to augment its science, or to extend its information. It will be enriched with the whole of the matter contained in the recent Supplement to the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Editions. As the extensive knowledge and eminent ability displayed throughout that work raised it to a degree of celebrity never before attained in this country by any similar publication, its incorporation, by means of suitable retrenchments and adjustments, with the Encyclopedia, must strongly commend the new edition to public notice. It will not only be far more comprehensive and complete than any other, but on a level, in all respects, with the improved knowledge and the spirit of the age.

The work will be conducted by Professor M. Napier, the Editor of the Supplement, with the assistance of those distinguished scientific and literary men whose names and contributions render it so much interesting.

No Part of the work will be issued till the preparations and arrangements of every kind are in such forwardness as to enable the Proprietors to keep faith with the public, in the strictest manner, in every particular concerning its publication.

Printed for Adam Black, Edinburgh.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

for April contains, among other interesting original Articles—1. Public Affairs. 2. Letters to the Students of Glasgow, by Thomas Campbell, Esq. No. 5; the Literature, &c. of the Alexandrian School—3. Sketches of the Irish Bar, No. 10; the Catholic Bar, Mr. O'Connell—4. Parian Society, Politics, and Literature—5. Original Poetry, by Mrs. Hemans—6. Tales of the West—7. Walks in Rome and its Environs; Roman Art, Cambrinus—8. Society in India, No. 2; the Bar, the Bench, and Female Customs—9. Chloë at Brighton, by one of the Authors of "Rejected Addresses"—10. Gannet's Speeches and Memoirs—11. Aristocratic Novels—12. My Partner at Cheltenham—13. Table Talk Address, No. 3; the Bar—14. Hæm Tet, an Arabian Tale—15. A First Lesson in Reading—16. Notes on the Month: Modern Architecture, Law of Copyright, Fiction Metempsychosis, the Novelist, the Game Laws, Otello, Duelling, Restoration of Intellect, the Lord Eidon, &c. &c.; and the usual Varieties in Art, Science, and Literature.

Printed for Henry Colburn, 5, New Burlington Street; and sold by John Cumming, Dublin; and Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh.

Handsomely printed, in a very thick vol. crown 8vo. with upwards of 1500 Engravings of the Arms, &c. &c. a new edition, price 15s. 11s. 6d.

BURKE'S PEERAGE AND BARONET-

AGE OF ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

It is presumed that this work will be found the most accurate, comprehensive, and concise, which has hitherto appeared upon the subject: an uncontroverted mass of information has been obtained from the highest sources. The lineage of almost every house is deduced from the earliest era, and the genealogical details are interspersed with many interesting anecdotes of the various families. The Baronets of Scotland and Ireland, with their armorial bearings, &c. form a new feature in this edition; and an Essay on the Origin of the Peerage in England, with Engravings of the various Orders of Nobility and Knighthood, considerably augment the interest of the whole.

Printed for Henry Colburn, 5, New Burlington Street.

Just published, price 3s.

OBSERVATIONS on the HUMAN

STRUCTURE; and Substance of a Lecture delivered to the Literary and Philosophical Society at Hull, By GEORGE HEMSLEY FIELDING, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, &c. &c. Published by Baldwin and Cradock, London; and by T. Topping, Hull.

MUSIC.

New Sacred Piece of Vocal and Organ Music, 1s. 6d.

COME YE, BLESSED OF MY FATHER.

From the Gospel of St. Matthew, chap. 23, verse 34. By THOMAS BILLINGTON, Composer of the Sacred Hymn of "Our Blessed Saviour on the Cross."

Published by Preston, 71, Dean Street, Soho, for the Author. Mr. Billington now most gratefully feels it a pleasing and important duty in returning his heartfelt acknowledgments to the whole musical English empire, and particularly to his native Devon and Exeter patrons, for above fifty years of warm encouragement and inspiring countenance in his delectable studies of the divine science of music, under whose kind auspices he was formerly known as the composer of the music of Gray's Elegy, Maria's Evening Service to the Virgin, Young's Great Thought, Hymns to Abolish Prier's Garland, Children of the Wood, and of the Organ Adaptation of Correll's Concertos, as edited by Preston's Music.

A MUSICAL MANUAL; or, Technical

Directory: containing full and perspicuous Explanations of all the Terms used in the Harmonic Art; with incidental Remarks on the Principal Excellences of Vocal and Instrumental Composition and Performance.

By THOMAS BUSHY, Mus. Doc. Price 8s.

Goulding and D'Almeida, 20, Soho Square.

Just published, price 1s. 11s. 6d. dedicated, with permission,

ORIGINAL SACRED MUSIC; consisting

of Psalms, Hymns, and Anthems, composed expressly for this Work, by Messrs. Atwood, Bishop, J. B. Cramer, Crotch, Calcott, Evans, Goss, Holder, Horsley, J. Jolly, Wm. Linley, Novello, Shield, C. Smith, Walmsley, & Westley, &c.; with Original Poetry, written by Mrs. Joanna Baillie, Miss Bowles, Mrs. Opie; Bernard Barton, Wm. Kneass, and J. Montgomery, Esq.; the Rev. Mr. H. Milman; and the Rev. Mr. J. Keble, &c. R. Bouthey, Esq. LL.D. Poet Laureate, &c. The whole Compiled and Arranged

By A. FETTER, Composer Extraordinary of Music to His Majesty.

London: Printed and sold at A. Fetter's Music and Musical Instrument Warehouse, 154, Oxford Street, opposite Bond Street.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

In 4 vols. 8vo. 2s. 2s.

A HISTORY OF THE LIFE AND VOYAGES

OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

By WASHINGTON IRVING.

"This work will, from what we have seen of it, give Mr. Washington Irving a prodigious increase of fame. The novelty of fact exhibited will command wonder, only to be explained by the circumstances which have given the author access to public, as well as private archives, libraries, a fountain abut, and a book sealed." The chaste and nervous elegance of the style, and the liberal and truly philosophical cast of thought and sentiment, are what no one need be surprised with, who has read some of his previous writings; but this performance is every way a more elaborate one than any of those, and of higher pretensions—presumptions which we have seen in the author will pronounce it to be justified in the result. To throw an air of total novelty on a theme of ancient interest, to write a history, where previously there had been only "memorabilia parva," such has been our American countryman's proud attempt, and with unqualified pleasure do we contemplate the fruit of his long and arduous labours."—Literary Gazette, Feb. 2.

Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

Cheap Edition of Lord Byron.

A NEW EDITION OF LORD BYRON'S

POEMS.

Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

Published by Thomas Giltch, 3, Wellington Street, Strand, and may be had of all Booksellers.

THE FIRST FLOWERS: a Literary

Manuscript, embellished with Eight Illustrative Engravings, price 5s. in extra boards, gilt leaves, or 6s. 6d. in a case, for presentation.

This elegant volume comprises Characteristic Sketches of London, York, Oxford, and Greenwich Hospital; accompanied with Views of each, engraved in a very superior style—Select Memoirs of Commodore, Peter the Great, and Leo Tenth; with their Portraits—Minutes of a Post Tour from Paris to Naples—Bibliothèque of English Antiquity—Descriptive Sketch of Dutch College and Picture Gallery—Choice Scraps of Men of Genius, &c.—The Muse's Wreath—Poems from the Portfolio of Neuchâtel, &c. &c.

Howitt's British Preserve, Nos. 1, 2, 3,

price 4s. each; to be completed in three volumes.

Introduction to Heriarty, by 62 cards, in a box.

Shaw's Select Cabinet of Natural History, in box.

Preparing for publication.

Knight's Modern and Antique Gems; crown

8vo. 12s. 6d.; a few are taken off on India paper, 20s. 6d.

Gentlemen wishing early impressions will forward their names to their Booksellers, as they will be delivered in the order of 1853.

In 1 vol. price 5s. 6d.
THE HEBREW: or, a Sketch in the Nine-
 tenth Century, with the Dream of Seder Kapa.
 Printed for W. Blackwell, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, London.

In 2vo. price 5s. in boards, with a Map and Plan,
MILITARY REFLECTIONS on
TURKEY.

By BARON VON VALENTINI,
 Major General in the Prussian Service.
 Extracted and Translated from the General's Treatise on the
 Art of War.
 By a MILITARY OFFICER.
 Printed for C. and J. Rivington, St. Paul's Church-yard,
 and Waterloo Place, Pall Mall.

In 4 vols. 8vo. with Plates, 2l. 16s.
THE DIARY of THOMAS BURTON, Esq.
 Member in the Parliaments of the Protector, Oliver and
 Richard Cromwell, from 1658 to 1660, now published from
 the original Autograph Manuscript, in the possession of William
 Ogeart, of the London Institution. Interspersed with several
 Curious Documents and Notices, Historical and Biographical.
 By JOHN TOWELL RUIT, Esq.

This work serves to fill up the chasm so long existing in our
 parliamentary history: the new facts and arguments contained
 in it clearly develop the project of Cromwell for the assumption
 of the royal dignity; the real extent of his power as Protector;
 the manner of his administration; and the rapid decline and
 speedy extinction of this power under the short Protectorate
 of his son.
 Printed for Henry Colburn, 5, New Burlington Street.

In 3 vols. post 8vo. price 37s.
BLUE-STOCKING HALL. A Novel.

"The novel of 'Blue-Stocking Hall' forms an agreeable
 contrast to the generality of works of fiction. It is designed to
 inculcate, in the shape of a pleasing fiction, the various duties of
 domestic life; and is interspersed with many judicious remarks
 on love, marriage, education, culture, establishment in the
 world, morals, and manners. It appears to have been the
 intention of the authoress to produce a work which every mother
 should possess, and which every daughter should read."
 Printed for Henry Colburn, 5, New Burlington Street.

2 vols. 12s.
MORNINGS in SPRING; or, Retrospec-
 tions, Biographical, Critical, and Historical.
 By NATHAN DRAKE, M.D. &c.
 Author of "Essays on Periodical Literature."
 Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

2 vols. post 8vo. 12s.
JOURNAL of a RESIDENCE and TOUR
 in MEXICO, in the Year 1806: with some Account of the
 Mines of that Country.
 By Captain GEORGE F. LYON, R.N. F.R.S. D.C.L.
 Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

In 2 vols. post 8vo. 12s.
THE NIGHT-WATCH; or, Tales of the
 Sea.
 Printed for Henry Colburn, 5, New Burlington Street.

In post 8vo. 8s. 6d.
PERSONAL NARRATIVE of the IRISH
REBELLION in 1798.
 By CHARLES HAMILTON TEELENG.
 Printed for Henry Colburn, 5, New Burlington Street.

In 1 vol. 8vo. 14s.
ITALY AS IT IS. Narrative of an English
 Family's Residence for Three Years in that Country.
 By the Author of "Four Years in France."
 Printed for Henry Colburn, 5, New Burlington Street.

In a large vol. 8vo. uniform with the best editions of
 the Poet, 14s.
MEMORIALS of SHAKESPEARE; or,
 Sketches of his Character and Genius. By various
 Writers.
 Collected and Edited, with a Preface and Notes,
 By NATHAN DRAKE, M.D. &c.
 Printed for Henry Colburn, 5, New Burlington Street.

2d edition, in 3 vols. post 8vo.
FLIRTATION. A Novel.
 "Flirtation" is not merely the title, but the prevailing
 genius of this novel; as, indeed, it ought to be. The noble au-
 thress follows her subject, and never wanders from it; every
 incident is metamorphosed into it. How redundant of flirtation
 is every chapter! What an enthrallment of subject pervades
 every line! Flirtation on the part of men; flirtation on the part
 of women; flirtation abroad; flirtation at home; flirtation in low
 life, and in high life; flirtation among the single, and among
 the married; private flirtation, and public flirtation; and many
 things more than we have room to enumerate of the same vice.
 If the picture should fail in referring to the male coquette who
 looks in it, we entertain confident hopes that the fair will
 listen to her ladyship's exhortations, and be taught to renounce to
 dangerous a passion. — *New Monthly Gazette.*
 Printed for Henry Colburn, 5, New Burlington Street.

Price 7s. with a Portrait of the Author,
THE GOOD NURSE; or, Hints on the
 Management of the Sick and Lying-in Chamber and
 Nursery. Second edition, with Additions, and recommended
 by the late Mrs. Astle. Second Edition. Price 7s. Paris, Dr.
 Lister, &c. Dedicated, by permission, to Mrs. Fry.

Preparing for the press, by the same Author,
The Good Housewife.
 Printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green.

Of whom may be had,
Advice to Young Mothers, by a Grand-
 mother. 12mo. 1s. 6d. boards.

Handsomely printed in fols. price 5s.
METRICAL ESSAYS on SUBJECTS of
HISTORY and IMAGINATION.
 By CHARLES SWAIN.

"Mr. Swain's genius is of a very martial character—the sound
 of the trumpet is its best inspiration: nothing can be more ap-
 plied than his Capellus—his book should bear the motto, 'I have
 song of war for knights'; though, that gentle chords and veins of
 serious beauty are not wanting, we need only refer to the very
 sweet songs and the sonnets which form a worthy finish to our
 young poet's strain. Our hearty admiration of Mr. Swain's genius
 having been expressed in the most sincere and unequivocal man-
 ner, by admitting his productions with pleasure into our own
 select pages, we shall not add to the encomium, nor direct his
 delightful volume of more of its novel attractions for the general
 reader, by further extracts." — *Literary Gazette.*

"We recognise in Mr. Swain's poet whose productions have
 frequently struck us, when seen singly, as belonging to a high
 class of poetry. If our feelings are not stirred in their depths,
 we shall acknowledge an acute sensibility pervading the subject,
 and a classic grace of expression, which belong to genius and to
 taste. Let him study the purest models, and he has strength
 enough to soar in the highest regions, and sustain a flight, 'non
 matutine perire,' with the nobility and best of the sons of song.
 Let him pursue with steadiness the light which genius has
 thrown in his path, and it will lead him to fame." — *Gentleman's*
Magazine.

"A very pleasing volume of poems, clearly bespeaking an elegant
 and accomplished mind. This volume will give credit to the
 author and pleasure to the reader." — *New Monthly Maga-*
zine.

"The merit of Mr. Swain's 'Metric Essays' is too striking to be
 overlooked. Although the production of a young writer, it is a
 volume full of genuine and great emotions, indeed, but of the
 first water. Witness that fine burst of feeling, the opening ad-
 dress to poetry. Mr. Swain's muse has beauty and elegance,
 vigour and spirit." — *Repository of Arts.*

"There is a great deal of poetic feeling and taste in Mr.
 Swain's poems, and not a few of them are of a very high order.
 The 'Convict' is a production of considerable power." — *Literary*
Gazette.

"Most of the poems in this interesting volume are of considerable
 merit, and some strikingly beautiful." — *Apkazar.*
 "We extract the following beautiful stanzas from a
 volume of poems entitled, 'Metric Essays,' by Charles Swain,
 which has just made its appearance. We feel upon these stanzas
 upon opening the book at random. We have since examined its
 contents attentively, and find that it almost every page we should
 have met with effusions displaying both equal feeling and equal
 merit." — *New Times.*
 Published by Chapman & Falmer, 16, Paternoster Row.

Mrs. Webb's New Work.
 In 1 vol. price 16s. boards,
RINGROVE; or, Old-Fashioned Novels.
 By the Author of "Tale for the Times," &c. &c.
 Printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, London.

Of whom may be had,
Letters to a Young Man. 3 vols. 12mo.
 12s. boards.
 Emir Malek, Prince of the Assassins; an
 Historical Novel of the Thirteenth Century. In 3 vols. 12mo.
 price 18s. boards.

In 3 vols. 12mo. price 21s. boards,
THE POETICAL MELANGE. Dedicated,
 by permission, to Sir Walter Scott, Bart.

"Among the many elegant collections which have lately
 appeared, the 'Poetical Melange' is one of the best; we have
 seen it is a judicious and tasteful selection of some of the best
 passages in modern poetry. All readers who are affected by the
 genuine spirit of poetry, and delight in its music, will find much
 in this collection to gratify the ear and the eye. — *Calcutta Mercury.*
 Printed for Charles Filt, 60, Fleet Street, London; and
 George A. Douglas, Edinburgh.

In 2 thick 8vo. vols. price 11. 6s. boards,
THE PRINCIPLES of PHYSICAL IN-
TELLECTUAL, MORAL, and RELIGIOUS EDUCA-
TION.
 By W. NEWMAN, Esq.
 Printed for J. Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly.

Of whom may be had, by the same Author,
1. A Tribute of Sympathy, addressed to
 Monarchs. 4th edition, 12mo. 5s. boards.
2. An Essay on Green Tea. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

Johnson's Dictionary.
 Complete in 1 vol. price 7s. 6d. in cloth,
A DICTIONARY of the ENGLISH LAN-
GUAGE; in which the Words are defined from their
 Originals, and illustrated in their different Significations by Ex-
 amples from the best Writers; to which are prefixed a History
 of the Language and an English Grammar.
 By SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.
 Stereotyped version from the last edition corrected by the
 Doctor.
 London: Printed for J. D. Robinson, 40, Pall Mall.

In 2 vols. 12mo. 8s. boards,
MICHAEL, the MARRIED MAN; or,
 the Sequel to the History of Michael Kemp.
 By the Author of "That of Chester," &c. &c. History of
 Michael Kemp, &c. &c.
 Printed for J. Hatchard and Son, 167, Piccadilly.

In 12mo. price 7s. boards,
THE CRUSADE of FIDELIS, a Knight
 of the Order of the Cross; being the History of his Adven-
 tures, during his Pilgrimage to the Celestial City.
 Which things are an Allegory.
 London: Sold by Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green;
 and Henry Motley and Son, Derby.

In 2 vols. post 8vo.
THE RUE.
 "We were, for a time, but captives when we first,
 So many of your sex would not in vain
 Of broken vows and faithless men complain." — *Rome.*
 Printed for Henry Colburn, 5, New Burlington Street.

In 3 vols. post 8vo. price 11. 11s. 6d.
THIRD SERIES of SAVINGS and
DOINGS.
 "Full of wise saws and modern instances." — *Shakespeare.*
 Printed for Henry Colburn, 5, New Burlington Street.

In 12mo. price 6s. boards,
THE HEAD-PIECE, or, Phrenology
 opposed to Divine Revelation.
 By JAMES the LESS.

To which is added, a Helmsot for the Head-Piece; or, Phrenol-
 ogy incompatible with Reason.
 By DANIEL the SEER.
 London: Printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green;
 and J. Everett, Manchester.

Price 2s. 6d. extra boards,
A PRACTICAL SURVEY of the FACUL-
TIES of the HUMAN MIND, with Hints for their
 proper Exercise, Regulation, and Improvement. In Four Lec-
 tures, delivered to a Class of Young Persons associated for Moral
 and Intellectual Improvement.
 London: Printed for F. and J. Wadley, and A. Davis,
 10, Stationers' Court, and Ave Maria Lane.

Heber's Palestine.
 Price 5s. in cloth boards, a complete edition of
THE OXFORD ENGLISH PRIZE
ESSAYS.

Oxford: D. A. Talboys; and sold by William Pickering,
 Chancery Lane, London.

In 12mo. 2d edition, enlarged, price 9s. boards,
SURE METHODS of IMPROVING
HEALTH and PROLONGING LIFE, by regulating the
 Diet and Regimen; embracing all the most approved Principles
 of Health and Longevity, and exhibiting particularly the Remark-
 able work of the proper Food, Wine, Air, Exercise, Sleep, Clothing,
 &c. In the cure of obstinate Chronic Diseases, as well as in pro-
 moting Health and Long Life. To which are added, an Account
 of the Art and excellent Effects of Training for Health, Rules
 for reducing Corpulence, and Means of Health for the Bilious
 and Nervous, the Consumptive, Man of Letters, and People of
 Fashion. Illustrated by Cases.
 By a PHYSICIAN.

"The subject of this book is interesting to every individual in
 existence; and we are disposed to think it the most useful and
 rational work of the kind we have met with. It contains many
 hints novel to us, and is altogether an admirable code of health."
 — *Atlas, Sept.*

"The tendency of this volume to advance the important ob-
 ject which it proposes is unquestionable, and we warmly recom-
 mend it." — *New Literary Gazette, Sept.*
 "It is written by one gifted with good sense, as well as right
 feeling, and guided, as we conceive, by enlightened views and
 liberal sentiments; and is calculated throughout to generate and
 preserve Hope, that great alleviator of human ill." — *Scotsman,*
Nov.

Published by Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Court,
 London: sold by all Booksellers.

In 5 vols. 12mo. price 11. 10s.
UNCLE PEREGRINE'S HEIRESS.

By ANNE de SWANSEA.
 "The Literary Chronicle of 24 Feb. 1830, speaking of this work,
 says, 'Her writings must become extremely popular; and 'Uncle
 Peregrine's Heiress' may be recommended as an amusing and
 moral production.'"
 Favourable reviews of it are also in the *Weekly Times*, *Dis-*
patch, &c.

Printed for A. K. Newman and Co. London.
 "By a very material error in the former advertisement of
 the above work, the critique was printed as from the *Literary*
Gazette; it should have been the *Literary Chronicle*."

The 2d edition, revised and enlarged, price 7s. 6d. dedicated,
 by permission, to the Lord Bishop of London.

THE OMNIPRESENCE of the DEITY.
 A Poem. By R. MONTGOMERY.
 "It is, indeed, a magnificent and sublime composition. In
 the very highest class of English Sacred Poetry." — *Literary Gazette*,
 Feb. 9.

"We wish particularly to direct attention to the pure, religious,
 and devotional principle which animates the poem, and which
 will make it a favourite with a very numerous class of readers of
 the best kind." — *Edin. Courier on the Second Edition, March 18.*
 See also the *Monthly Review*, *Athenaeum*, *Literary Chronicle*, &c.
 Printed for Samuel Marsden, 16, Newgate Street.

Uniform with the "Essay Anecdotes," price 8s. bound in cloth,
 with twenty-seven beautiful Portraits on Steel.

PUBLIC CHARACTERS of the
PRESENT TIME. Vol. I. Containing Biographical
 and Characteristic Sketches of—The King—Princes Victoria—
 Archbishop of Canterbury—Dukes of Clarence, Wellington,
 and Devonshire—Marquesses of Lansdown and Anglessea—Lords
 Godolphin, Lyndoch, Tenterden, Stowell, Bessborough, and
 Wm. Bentinck—Sir J. Scarlett, N. Pindar, W. Currie, R. Bir-
 nie, and Sir E. Coplestone—Don Miguel—Messrs. Canning, Rus-
 kisson, Brougham, Abercrombie, Blacklock, and O'Connell.
 Each Sketch may be had separately, price 3s. 6d. or in Paris,
 at 60 Numbers, price 1s.

Part VIII. commencing Vol. II. will be
 published early in April, and will contain—Prince Leopold, Lord
 Hill, Lord John Russell, and Mr. Cobden.
 Printed for Knight and Lacey, 5, Paternoster Row; and sold
 by all Booksellers.

Of whom may be had,
The Mechanic's Magazine, Vols. I. to VIII.
 price 5s. 6d. boards.

Dr. Paris on Diet.
 2d edition enlarged, in 8vo. price 10s. 6d.
A TREATISE on DIET; with a View to
 establish, on Practical Grounds, a System of Rules for
 the Prevention and Cure of the Diseases incident to a dissipated
 state of the Digestive Function.
 By J. A. PARIS, M.D. F.R.S.
 Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians.
 Printed for Thomas and George Underwood, 27, Fleet Street.

In 3 vols. 12mo. 11. 4s. boards.
DE BEAUVOIR; or, Second Love.
 "Written with great elegance of language, and an occasional grace of illustration which is quite poetical."—*Literary Gazette*, Jan. 19, 1850.
 Printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green.

Of whom may be had, just published,
Emir Malek, Prince of the Assassins; an Historical Novel of the Thirteenth Century. 3 vols. 12mo. 18s. boards.

In 3 vols. 12mo. with Engravings on Wood, from Designs by George Cruikshank, 11. 1s. boards.
PHILOSOPHY IN SPORT MADE SCIENCE IN EARNEST; being an Attempt to illustrate the First Principles of Natural Philosophy, by the Aid of Popular Toys and Sports.
 London: Printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green.

Price 1s.
LETTER to the EARL of ELDON, on the Report of the Finance Committee.
 By GEORGE FARRER, Esq. Resident Assistant Secretary to the Office.
 Printed for J. M. Richardson, 25, Cornhill.

Dulan and Co. 37, Soho Square, have just published
A FRENCH SPELLING-BOOK.
 By LENOIR.
 In 8vo. with Plates, 5th edition, sewed, 7s. 6d.; bound, 8s.

Second edition, in 2 vols. 8vo. with Portraits and Fac-similes, price 12s.
LORD BYRON and SOME of his CONTEMPORARIES.
 By LEIGH HUNT.
 Printed for Henry Colburn, 6, New Burlington Street.

Works published during the week by Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green.
TRAVELS IN RUSSIA, &c. &c.
 By WILLIAM RAE WILSON, Esq. F.R.S.
 In 2 vols. 8vo. with Engravings, price 11. 4s. boards.

By the same Author,
Travels in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Hanover, Germany, and the Netherlands, &c. In 1 vol. 8vo. price 11. 1s. illustrated by Engravings, dedicated, by permission, to H. R. H. the Duke of York.

The Edinburgh Review; or, Critical Journal
 No. XCIII. Price 6s.

The English Flora. By Sir James E. Smith, M.D. F.R.S. President of the Linnæan Society, &c. &c. In four vols. 8vo. price 11. 7s. boards.
 The Third and Fourth vols. may be had separately, to complete Sets.

The Elements of Physiology, translated from the Latin of the 4th edition of Professor Blumenbach, and supplied with copious Notes. By John Elliott, M.D. Cantab. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and Physician to, and Lecturer on the Practice of Medicine in, St. Thomas's Hospital. In 8vo. the 4th edition, much enlarged, 11. 7s. boards.

The White Hoods; an Historical Romance, by A. E. Bray, late Mrs. C. Stoddard, Author of "De Foix," &c. Letters written during a Tour through Normandy and Brittany, &c. In 2 vols. post 8vo. price 11. 11s. 6d.

By the same Author,
De Foix; or, Sketches of the Manners and Customs of the Fourteenth Century. An Historical Romance. In 3 vols. post 8vo. price 11. 7s. boards.
 "De Foix" and the "White Hoods" may be consulted as very pleasing and very faithful chronicles of the elder day."—*Quarterly Review*, No. 74.

Conversations on the English Constitution.
 In 12mo. price 6s.

"In the course of our conversations, I design, in the first place, to present to you an historical sketch of the history of our constitution, from its rise at the Conquest, to its establishment at the Revolution of 1688. Having given you a general historical sketch of the constitution, I propose to examine, rather more in detail, the character and history of the royal power and of the legislative bodies."—*Preface*.

An Introduction to Geology; comprising the Elements of the Science in its present advanced State, and all the recent Discoveries. With an Outline of the Geology of England and Wales. The 2d edition, entirely recomposed and greatly enlarged, with new Plates, a coloured Map, and Cuts. By Robert Bakewell. In 8vo. price 11s. boards.

By the same Author,
Travels in Savoy, &c. In 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 6s. boards.

The Gardener's Magazine, and Register of Rural and Domestic Improvements. No. XIII. Conducted by J. C. Loudon, F.R.S. &c. In 8vo. with Engravings on Wood, price 2s. 6d.

* To be continued in Monthly Numbers.
Vols. I. II. and III. may be had complete in boards, price 5s. 6d.

A New General Atlas, with the Divisions and Boundaries carefully coloured; constructed entirely from New Drawings, and Engraved by Sidney Hall. Parts I. to IV. printed on elephant paper, price 10s. 6d. each. To be completed in *Servant's Monthly Parts*.

Contents: Part I. France, Hindostan, Russia—Part II. Prussia, Sweden, West Indies—Part III. Greece, Austria, South Italy—Part IV. Turkey (in Europe), Netherlands, Europe—Part V. North Italy, Switzerland, Mexico and Guatemala, corrected from original information, communicated by Simon A. G. Bourne, Esq. who was employed by the Government to make Geographical Surveys—Part VI. Persia, Colony of New South Wales, Spain and Portugal.

Part VII. will be published on the 1st of May, and contain England, China, Van Diemen's Land.

Dulan and Co. Foreign Bookellers, 37, Soho Square, have just published,
L'ENFER de DANTE ALIGHIERI,
 traduit en Français, accompagné de Notes explicatives, raisonnées, et historiques; suivies de Remarques générales sur la Vie de Dante, et sur les Factions des Guelfes et des Ghiblins; avec le Texte en regard; et dedicated to H. R. H. the Princess A. uita. By J. C. TAVIER, French Master, Eton College. 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 1s.

In 1 vol. price 6s. 6d. boards,
CLAVIS GYMNASII, editionis tertie accommodata, sive Exercitationes in Gymnasium criticismum, partim, sicut in veteribus extant, date, et partim à Rev. ALEX. CROMBIE, LL.D. Latine redditæ.
 London: R. Hunter, ad ædem Divi Pauli.
 Where may be had, lately published, by the same Author, in two vols. 8vo. price 11s. boards,
Gymnasium, sive Symbola Critica. The 3d edition, corrected and enlarged.

In folio 8vo. price 3s. with three highly finished Engravings, by Messrs. Heath and Finden, from Designs by Messrs. Stothard and Needfield, the 4th edition of
POETICAL SKETCHES; with other Poems. By ALARIC A. WATTS.
 London: Hurst, Chance, and Co. 65, St. Paul's Churchyard.

Price 1s. 6d. edition of
THE YORKSHIRE POET'S JOURNEY to LONDON.
 By JOHN NICHOLSON.
 London: Sold by Hurst, Chance, and Co. 65, St. Paul's Churchyard; and Robinson and Hermann, Leeds.

Constable's Miscellany.
 With a fine Portrait of Mr. Manning, Vol. XXII. containing
THE GENERAL REGISTER of POLITICS and LITERATURE in EUROPE and AMERICA, for the year 1851.—Preceded by a Memoir of the Right Hon. GEORGE CANNING.
 Edinburgh, Constable and Co.; and London, Hurst, Chance, and Co. 65, St. Paul's Churchyard.

In 8vo. 5s. 6d.
THE MAN OF TON; a Satire.
 Contents.—Eton—Cambridge—The Country House and Visit to London—Preparation—The Betting-Book—The Opera Dance—Squint—Settling-Day—Melton Mowbray—After the Hunt—Almack's—Fitznigg—Intense Fitznigg—Duns and Post Office—The Elopement—The Catastrophe.
 Printed for Henry Colburn, 6, New Burlington Street.

3 vols. 4to. 41s.
THE CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY of ENGLAND, from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of George II.
 By HENRY HALLAM.
 Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

Fourth Edition of History of the Middle Ages, 3 vols. 8vo. 56s.

In 1 vol. 8vo. price 5s.
THE ADVANCEMENT of SOCIETY in KNOWLEDGE and RELIGION.
 By JAMES DOUGLAS, Esq.
 Second edition.
 Printed for Adam Black, Edinburgh; and Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, London.

In 12mo. with Map, price 5s. bound in cloth,
CLASSIFICATION and DESCRIPTION of the WINES of BORDEAUX. To which are prefixed, Notices of the Culture of the Vine, the Process of Making Wine, &c.
 By M. PAQUERRE, Ancien Courtier de Vins.
 Printed for William Blackwood, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, Strand, London.

In 8vo. 12s. 6d. boards,
AN ETYMOLOGICAL DICTIONARY of the LATIN LANGUAGE.
 By the Rev. F. E. J. VALFAY, A.M. Of Trinity College, Cambridge, and one of the Masters of Reading School.
 Also, by the same Author,
The Fundamental Words of the Greek Language, adapted to the Memory of the Student by means of Derivations and Derivatives, Passages from Classical Writers, and other Analogies. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Greek Exercises; or, an Introduction to Greek Composition, so arranged as to lead the Student from the Elements of Grammar to the highest Parts of Syntax. In this work the Greek of the Poets is not separated from the Text, but referred to an Index at the end. 12mo. 5s. 6d. bound.
 A Key will speedily be published, price 3s. 6d.
 Printed by A. J. Valfay; sold by Baldwin and Co.; Longman and Co.; G. B. Whittaker; and all other Booksellers.

This day is published, in 8vo. with 12 Plates, price 11. 1s. or 12s. 6d. with the Plates, and coloured after Nature,
THE ENTOMOLOGIST'S USEFUL COMPENDIUM; comprising the best Means of obtaining and preserving British Insects; with a Calendar of the times of Appearance and usual Situations of nearly 3000 Species.
 By GEORGE SAMUELLE, A.L.S.

Also, by the same Author,
General Directions for Collecting and Preserving Exotic Insects and Crustacea; designed for the Use of Residents in Foreign Countries, Travellers, and Gentlemen going abroad. With Plates. Price 11s.
 "With this manual in his hand, the traveller may collect, with little trouble, what will be much prized by friends at home, and what will be advantageous in the cause of science."—*Literary Gazette*.

Sold by Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, London.

In 1 vol. post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
MEMOIRS of the LIFE and TRAVELS of JOHN LEDYARD, the African Traveller. Now first published from his Journals and Correspondence.
 Printed for Henry Colburn, 6, New Burlington Street.

THE FOURTH FASCICULUS of the HIEROGLYPHICS, published by the Royal Society of Literature, is now ready for delivery, and may be had, with the Title and Table of Contents of Vol. II. at the Society's Apartments, No. 2, Parliament Street. Price to Members, One Guinea; to the Public, Two Guineas.

In 2 vols. post 8vo. with Plates, 11. 1s.
THE PICTURE of SCOTLAND.
 By R. CHAMBERS.
 Author of "Traditions of Edinburgh," "History of the Rebellion 1745," &c.

In addition to extensive reading and research, the author has walked over all Scotland, collecting materials for this work.
Brown's Philosophy of the Mind, 1 vol. 8vo. 11. 1s.

Smith's Wealth of Nations, with large Additions, by Professor McCulloch, 4 vols. 8vo. 21. 12s. 6d.
Hume's Philosophical Works, 4 vols. 8vo. 21. 9s.
 Printed for William Tait, Edinburgh; Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, London; and W. Curry and Co. Dublin.

In 8vo. price 15s. with Portrait,
REMINISCENCES of HENRY ANGELO,
 with Memoirs of his late Father and Friends, from 1738 to 1827; including numerous Original Anecdotes and Curious Traits of the most celebrated Personages that have flourished during the last eighty years.
 This work abounds not only in pleasant matter relating to persons of rank, but of talent also—for the elder Angelo's intimacy with Englishmen, as well as foreigners, professors of all the fine arts, &c. made his house, in Carlisle Street, for many years, the rendezvous of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Garrick, the Sheridans, the Linlins, Gainsboroughs, Port, Bach, Abel, &c.
 Printed for Henry Colburn, 6, New Burlington Street.

The only Authentic Edition. In 8vo. 5s. 6d.
MR. BROUGHAM'S SPEECH on the PRESENT STATE of the LAWS.
 Printed for Henry Colburn, New Burlington Street.

In 12mo. price 7s. the 3d edition of
THE SUBALTERN. Originally published in Blackwood's Magazine.
 Printed for William Blackwood, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, Strand, London.

IN THE PRESS.
 In a few days, in 8vo. 4s. 6d.
RELIGIOUS DISCOURSES.
 By a LAYMAN.
 Printed for Henry Colburn, 6, New Burlington Street.

In a few days, beautifully printed in 4to. with Portraits, &c. by the first artists, dedicated, by permission, to the Most Noble the Marquess of Salisbury and Exeter.

MEMOIRS of the LIFE and ADMINISTRATION of the Right Hon. WILLIAM CECIL, LORD BURGHLEY, Lord High Treasurer of England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, with Extracts from his private and official Correspondence, and other Papers, now first published from the Originals.

By the Rev. Dr. NARES, Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. A few Copies are printed on large paper, with proof impressions of the Plates, for which early application should be made to the Publishers.
 Printed for Saunders and Oulay, Conduit Street.

In a few days, 3 vols. post 8vo.
THE ENGLISH in FRANCE.
 By the Author of the "English in Italy."
 Printed for Saunders and Oulay, Public Library, Conduit Street.

In a few days, 9 vols. small 8vo.
ADVENTURES of HAJJI BABA in ENGLAND.
 By the Author of "Hajji Baba."
 Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

In a few days, 3 vols. 8vo.
RECOLLECTIONS of ROYALTY, from the Death of William Rufus in 1100, to that of the Cardinal Duke, the last lineal Descendant of the Stuarts, in 1807.
 By CHARLES C. JONES, Esq. of the Middle Temple.
 Printing for Saunders and Oulay, Public Library, Conduit Street.

When may be had,
Terms for the immediate Perusal of New Works in Town or Country.

LONDON: Printed for the Proprietors, and Published every Saturday, by W. A. SCRIPPS, at the LITERARY GAZETTE OFFICE, 7, Wellington Street, Waterloo Bridge; Strand, and 7, South Moulton Street, Oxford Street; sold also by J. Chappell, 59, Royal Exchange; E. Marborough, 45, Pall Mall; L. Lodge, 111, St. Paul's Churchyard; Smith and Son, 11, Abchurch Lane; J. Cumming, Dublin; and Agnew and Co. Paris.
 J. MOYNS, Task's Canal, Chancery Lane.